

# The TATLER

Vol. CXIX. No. 1545.

London, February 4, 1931

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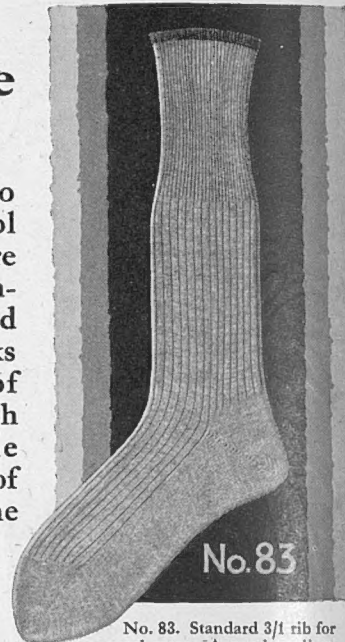


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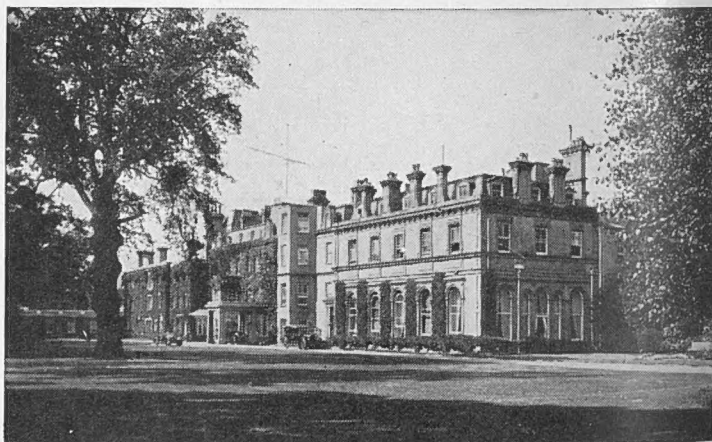
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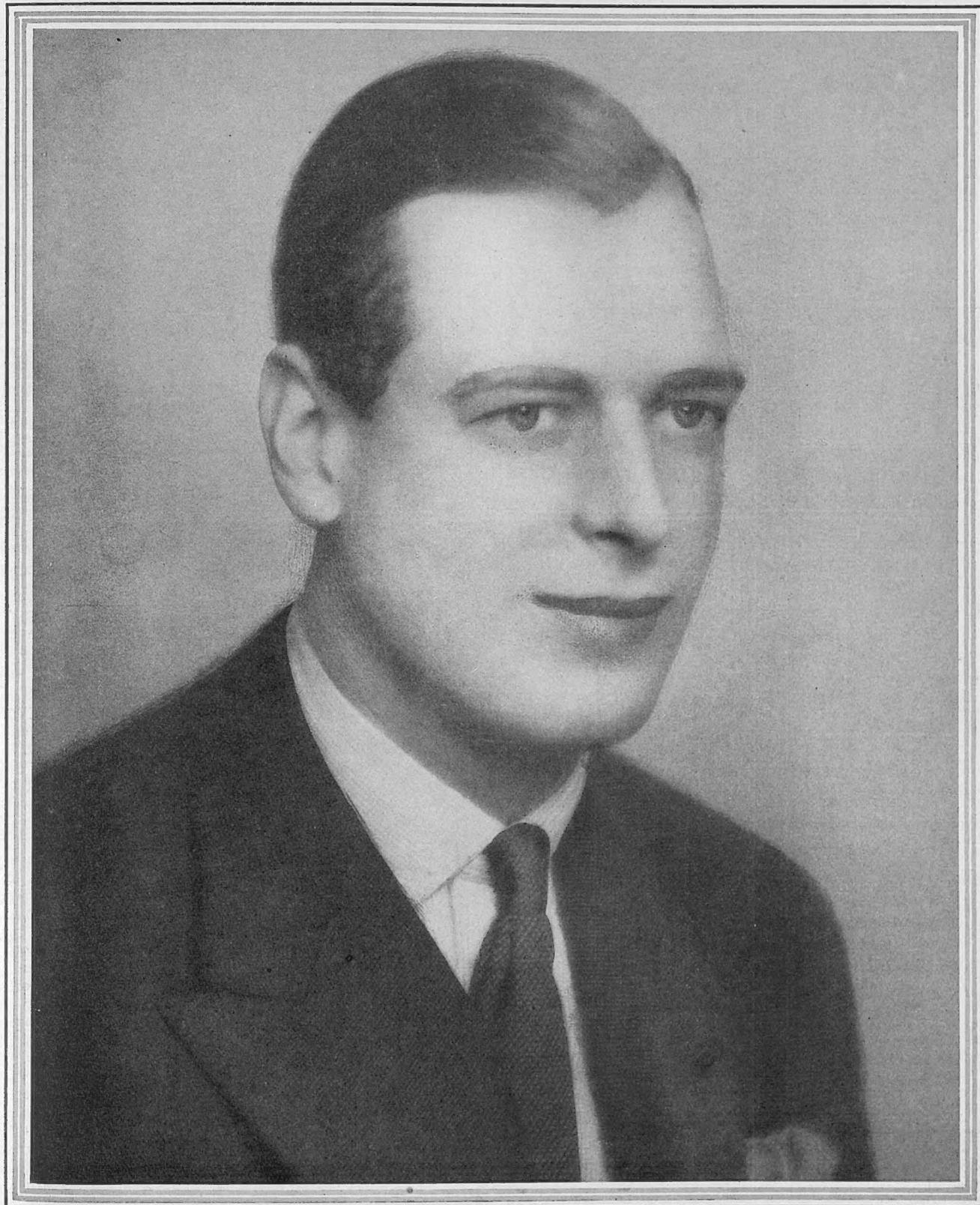
Tel.: Tunbridge Wells 1911/3.

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Vol. CXIX. No. 1545. London, February 4, 1931

POSTAGE: Inland, 1½d.; Canada and  
Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d.

Price One Shilling



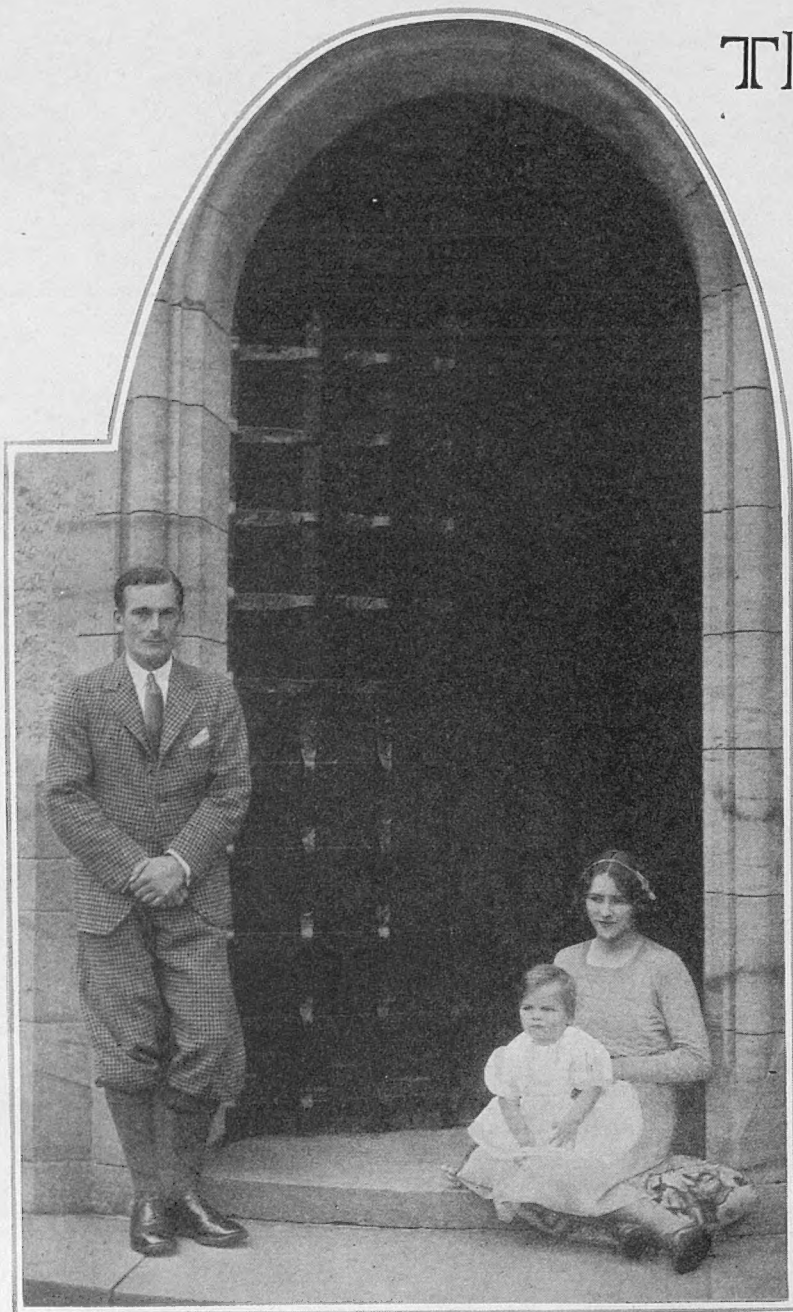
*Paul Tanqueray, Dover Street*

## H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE

A portrait of H.R.H. Prince George taken shortly before he and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales left England for Buenos Aires, where the Prince of Wales will open the great industrial exhibition. Prince George, who has all the family fondness for fox-hunting, was so unlucky as to get a fall in Leicestershire early in the season and dislocate his shoulder, but the injury was virtually all right before he left on this most interesting tour in South America, which, incidentally, will not be confined to Buenos Aires



# The Letters of Eve



Miss Compton Collier  
AT COMLONGAN CASTLE, DUMFRIES: SIR  
STEWART AND LADY STEWART-CLARK  
AND THEIR SON

Sir Stewart Stewart-Clark has rented Comlongan from Lord Mansfield. His own seat is Philips-toun House, West Lothian. Lady Stewart-Clark, who was married in 1927, is a daughter of Major and Mrs. Arundell Clarke. The son and heir, John, was born in 1929

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

**W**ELL, friend, there is a budget of Warwickshire news for you this week. To begin with, *The Sport of Kings*, staged in the Kineton village hall, was vastly diverting and suggested that actin', at any rate in this neighbourhood, is far from being a closed book to those who go huntin', fishin', and shootin' (*vide* "Tantivy Towers.") Unlike so many enterprizes of this nature, which take a chance with often unjustified optimism that "it will be all right on the night," the play had been rehearsed with professional thoroughness. Of the *dramatis personæ* Lord Willoughby de Broke played the lead really excellently. Mrs. Huttenbach, Miss Beryl Buckmaster, and Mr. Grosvenor Bromet were all first-rate, and Mrs. Bromet, quite unrecognisable as a pinched and puce-nosed scullery-maid, had to be seen to be believed.



MRS. MALCOLM CAMPBELL  
AND MISS BARBARA TWISTLE-  
TON-WYKEHAM-FIENNES

A snapshot at Povey Cross. Mrs. Campbell is the wife of the famous racing motorist who is now at Daytona, U.S.A. Miss Twistleton-Wykeham-Fiennes is a daughter of Major Caryl Twistleton-Wykeham-Fiennes



AT MONTE CARLO: LORD AND LADY DE CLIFFORD  
Snapshoted at the great annual Monte Carlo Car Rally. Lord and Lady de Clifford had just arrived from Norway. They were married in 1926, and she was formerly Miss Dorothy Meyrick

**O**n the following night the Warneford Hospital Ball was engaging most people's attention. It is usually held in the Leamington Town Hall, but this year that generous couple, Mr. and Mrs. Bryant, offered their wonderful house at Ashorne as the venue, thereby saving the hospital many pounds in expenses and giving the assembled company the best possible run for their money.

Everyone was anxious to show appreciation of such a very kind gesture and did so both verbally and by bringing parties. Lady Warwick had a large contingent including the Anthony Edens, and Mr. James Dugdale and his wife, whose green frock was fascinating. Lord Warwick danced with great spirit, and others solving the problem of perpetual motion were Lady Northampton, Sir William and Lady Jaffray, Colonel and Mrs. Jerome, and Lord Dormer and his youngest sister.

\* \* \*

**M**iss Mary Chance, in a white picture frock, was by general consent the most attractive person present, though Miss Mary Granville ran her very close. Miss Anne Throckmorton, Miss Rosemary Hood and Miss Kathleen Barker all looked particularly nice and were clearly enjoying themselves.

Is the economy campaign subconsciously affecting the new frocks? Skirts may be long but tops seem to be shrinking at an alarming rate and one outfit on this occasion gave a very good imitation of a Jansen bathing-suit.



The early risers turned out next morning for the North Warwickshire meet at Grove Park lodge gates and mustered quite a respectable field. Mr. Ray Gibbs, Mr. John de Lisle, and Mr. Peter Wiggin being in noticeably good heart. One sportsman provided a welcome interlude while rather protracted excavations were taking place in covert. He was smoking a quiet cigarette and gazing somewhat somnolently into space when his horse gave one convulsive buck and decanted him neatly into an adjacent mud patch.

There are many places in London which offer the most superb entertainment, though they cannot actually be included in



SIR HORACE RUMBOLD IN BERLIN

In one of Berlin's numerous in-door lawn tennis courts. Sir Horace Rumbold has been British Ambassador to Germany since 1928, and before that had been our Ambassador at Constantinople and Madrid

music, he is extremely witty, and he will one day inherit a gigantic fortune, as he is the only male Rothschild of his generation. At the same performance I saw Michael Arlen, who was without his wife, she having just gone abroad with their child.

During a variety performance at the Gate Theatre, Mrs. Reginald Grenfell was to be seen in a long black velvet dress with white flowers on her shoulder, looking extremely handsome. She appeared to be enjoying the old-fashioned songs quite enormously, listening extra carefully, no doubt with a view to reproduction, for her powers of mimicry are unrivalled.

In the same audience the unmistakable figure of Mr. Roger Makins arose. I use the verb advisedly, for his 6 ft. 4 in., surmounted by very dark hair and clear-cut features make it impossible for him to pass unnoticed. He is one of the most brilliant young men in the Foreign Office

and although still in the early twenties, is being sent to Washington this year, one of the most coveted of all the posts which the Foreign Office has to offer.

Mr. Makins has gone off to Switzerland for a holiday with a party which includes Lord and Lady Balniel, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Winn, and Miss Phyllis Spender - Clay, before he finally leaves for the U.S.A. The rendezvous is Klosters, which many of the ski-ing connoisseurs consider an unexampled field for practising their art. The Parsenn ascent not only provides an amazing view but the choice of many descents. Considering the sparse snowfall in most Swiss districts, this region has been well treated. Dame Katherine Furse is always faithful to Klosters and has not deserted it this season, although she only took to ski-ing as quite an afterthought to her many undertakings. Dame Katherine was the first woman gold medalist—the highest award for the sport—and is also a qualified first-class judge. Only those who have contemplated entering for this arduous test can know what skill this office represents.



ON THE RIVIERA: MR. NIGEL HAIG

A snapshot of the famous Middlesex county cricketer on the Valescure links. Mr. Nigel Haig is both a bat and a good change bowler. One of his best knocks in county cricket last season was 130 v. Worcestershire, and his bowling average was 22.52



MR. WILLIAM HORACE DE VERE COLE AND HIS FIANCÉE, MISS MAVIS WRIGHT

Mr. de Vere Cole enjoys the reputation of being the world's greatest practical joker, and one of his best achievements was when he contrived to have Mr. Oliver Locker-Lampson taken to Bow Street as a pickpocket. He also in his undergraduate days successfully appeared as the Sultan of Zanzibar. His marriage to Miss Mavis Wright will take place shortly

The historically minded will delight in the Loan Exhibition of Scottish Antiques which opened in London this week. All sorts of fascinating relics are on view. Lord Waterford has contributed a treasured string of pearls given by Mary Queen of Scots to one of his ancestors. The Duchess of Norfolk has lent another of that ill-fated Royal lady's personal belongings, this being the rosary which she gave to Thomas, 4th Duke of Norfolk. It did not do him much good, poor thing, for he was subsequently beheaded for high treason, his supposed plan to marry the Scottish Queen having aroused Queen Elizabeth's suspicions. He was actually arrested, I believe, in that entrancing place, The Charterhouse, which was, in those days, his London house.

Rizzio's guitar also has a place among the historic treasures as well as any quantity of tangible links with Jacobean days. Among the Stewart relics are some of Charles I's baby clothes, and

(Continued overleaf)



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Lady Carmichael has sent the cap which this monarch wore when he went to the scaffold. The purse and hunting flask of John Armstrong, the famous sheep stealer, are near neighbours of Sir Walter Scott's own edition of his Waverley novels.

A facsimile of the Glamis Cup is there, too, so you see the Exhibition does not lack variety. It is being held at Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fleming's house, 27, Grosvenor Square, and a better setting would be difficult to imagine.

The Inter-Social Clubs point-to-point will be held this year in the Bicester country on March 4. The secretary of the Bicester—Mr. Oliver Gilbey—tells me they have a most excellent course and it will be good no matter how much rain there is beforehand. Buck's club will have their usual tent there for lunches and teas and their usual Irish stew for which, if the weather is cold, there is always a big demand.

Last year this race was held in the Duke's country and resulted in a tremendous contest, Major Geoff Phipps Hornby (the winner), Captain Tommy M'Dougal, and Mr. Alston Roberts West of the Grenadier Guards jumping the last fence together. A cup for this event is presented by Buck's Club to commemorate the fact that they won both the inter-social club's golf, via Lord Charles Hope and Mr. Roger Wethered, and the inter-social club's polo at Hurlingham in 1929. A good record.

Talking of racing, the Hong Kong variety hardly sounds exhilarating, judging by a letter from Mary which has just reached me. Steeple-chase meetings are held there once a month, but most of the locals take fright at the fences, which are quite 3 ft. high, so starters seldom number more than three in each event. The flat racing is a more serious business, from the social point of view at any rate. The stands are palatial, and with everyone turning out in best bibs and tuckers the effect is that of a young Ascot.

The contests hardly merit all this grandeur, the jockeys, all amateurs, often providing excellent examples of how not to ride a race. Legs and reins flap in the breeze, and the lifting of the tapes is usually the signal for every whip to go into action and to remain at work ceaselessly. The winner is led in by the proud owner, the jockey gracefully acknowledging the plaudits of the crowd by touching his cap in all directions.

The Chinese pony has no neck or shoulder to speak of, an enormous head, a mouth like iron, and a great heart. The biggest is only 14 hands, and it never has to carry less than 10 st., but it goes along at a great pace, pulling like the devil.

The hunting, a drag run by the R.A. mess at Hong Kong, is quite good fun I gather, though climatic conditions are all against keeping hounds fit. The country is mainly paddy fields, forty or fifty yards across, and divided by small banks and ditches. In places they are cut in terraces on the hill-sides, and these provide a series of quite formidable "drops."

The rest is more or less plain sailing along the foot of the mountains, always supposing you avoid a rather grisly hazard, a grave. These may be found anywhere, for the Chinese have a habit of burying their dead all over the hill-sides. The graves, which are unmarked and quickly become overgrown, are not properly filled in, so that if your pony chooses to put a foot in one you come it good and proper.



AT THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND COURSING CLUB MEETING

Trying to keep warm at Aldingbourne, near Bognor, where the South of England Coursing Club held their meeting last week. The names in the group are: Mr. Williams, Miss Williams, Miss Gordon Smith, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Osborne, and Mr. E. H. Hobgen

Whitburn have gone to Kenya some time after they originally intended, owing to Mrs. Whitburn's appendicitis, which luckily attacked her while there was time to have it satisfactorily dealt with in England. The middle of Africa would hardly be the most desirable place in which to have an operation.

Major Huttenbach, formerly M.F.H. the Warwickshire Hounds, has also started on a voyage abroad, his aim being South America. An accident some months ago is the cause

of this move, Major Huttenbach's leg having been exceedingly badly broken out hunting. I believe a gate-post was to blame, he being unlucky enough to collide with it in a mêlée, with the result that his knee-cap was smashed to pieces. He was on his back for some weeks but is now getting about again with the aid of two sticks. Another ex-Master, Major Tommy Bouch, is also engaged on journeyings in foreign climes, Java being his ultimate destination.

Prince and Princess Antoine Bibesco went back to Madrid shortly after Lady Perdita Jolliffe's wedding, their fleeting life from capital to capital preventing any prolonged visits to this country.

Prince Antoine's play, *Ladies All*, has just made more than good in New York, while at the same time he also had plays running in Berlin and Paris. Such an international success as this is something to be proud of, and I hear that further opportunities for fame are likely to come his way, it being probable that one of his dramatic works will be produced in London before long.

One remarkable thing about Prince Antoine Bibesco's writings for the stage is that they are only a side line to his diplomatic career, in which, as you know, he has achieved great distinction. Such versatility is enviable, isn't it?—Yours, EVE.



MISS ANNABEL COUPER WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

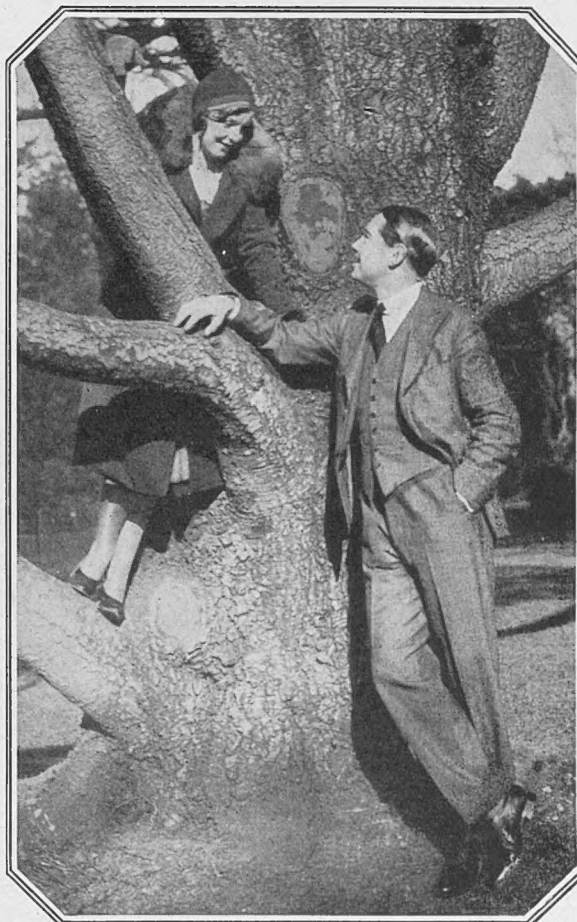
Miss Annabel Couper's engagement to Captain Frank O'Neil Ford, 3rd/20th Burma Rifles was announced last week. Miss Couper is the daughter of Sir John and Lady Couper of North Berwick, and Sir John is Purse Bearer to the Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland



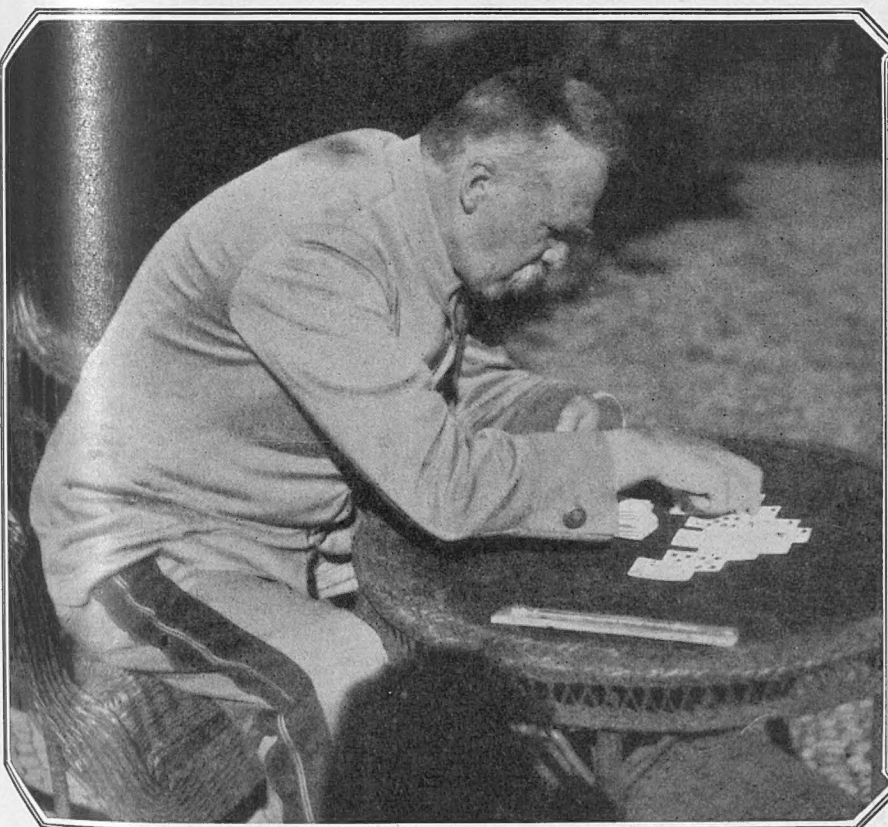
## WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE



DOWN SOUTH: LADY WAVERTREE AND M. TOTO BRUGNON



MISS JEAN COLIN AND HER FIANCÉ, MR. INGLE



MARSHAL PILSUDSKI PLAYING PATIENCE AT MADEIRA



MISS BARBARA GOOCH AT HOME

Miss Compton Collier

It would be difficult to imagine Cannes at this time of year without Lady Wavertree, her enterprising personality is such a feature of Riviera happenings. Tournament tennis is one of her enthusiasms, and she is personally acquainted with all the giants of the game. M. Brugnion was M. Henri Cocher's partner at Wimbledon last year when they reached the semi-final round of the Men's Doubles. The engagement of Mr. R. A. Ingle, who plays cricket for Somersetshire, to Miss Jean Colin, was one of last week's announcements. Miss Colin is now playing lead in the new Gaiety production, "Blue Roses." She first made a name for herself as "The Five o'Clock Girl" and also starred in "Here Comes the Bride." On the films too she has had successes. Marshal Pilsudski, who has lately been in Madeira, is Prime Minister of Poland and has done his country untold service. The raising of the Polish National Army was due to him, and he commanded a brigade in the Great War, being subsequently imprisoned by the Germans at Magdeburg. In 1926, at the head of an army, he occupied Warsaw, defeated the Bolsheviks, and took complete charge of Polish affairs. Sir Thomas and Lady Gooch's daughter, Miss Barbara Gooch, is an ardent pursuer of foxhounds and harriers in Suffolk, and rides exceedingly well. Last October she won the Ladies' Open Class at the Easton Harriers' Hunter Trials. She is engaged to Mr. Anthony Barns



# The Cinema

## A Gaynor-Farrell Disappointment

By JAMES AGATE

**A**N actor who has a reputation for power and emotion and whose film record is excellent tells me the following story. Some time ago he rang up one of our British studios which was about to produce a film on a famous subject. The actor did not hope to get hold of the casting-director or any of the high gods who earn large salaries apparently by keeping out of the way. My friend, however, hoped to get hold of somebody. And did, with this result. "Of course we know all about you," said the voice. "Sorry, old man, but there's nothing; you could play. You see, old man, *Dreyfus* is a comedy!" I do not propose to mar with comment the stark simplicity of this grand story.

I have been wondering lately whether anybody has noticed the bankruptcy of the American language except in the domain of slang. Happening to find myself the other night in a state of despond at Slough—am I the first to discover the *genius loci* of that spa?—I turned me from the completely empty and draughty, main, and only street into the entirely full picture-house, many degrees warmer than a conservatory in July. There I saw and heard Miss Norma Shearer declare that she had been unfaithful to her husband but the episode had not meant a thing to her. Whereupon the husband declared that his flirtation in the pantry with a vivacious widow, which had been the cause of Norma's defaulting, had not meant a thing to him. I suppose that if they used this wretched phrase once they used it twenty times. Later when Miss Shearer was contemplating suicide or going to live in Chicago, her husband, looking like three of Othello's soliloquies rolled into one, told her to "snap out of it." Perhaps America is still too new a country to have anything to do with so old a thing as language, and perhaps too the fact that America has replaced words by slang derives from the same reason which has driven her to jazz instead of music. Walt Whitman said somewhere that he did not think America could produce any genuine art for another couple of hundred years. I have been unable to find the exact passage, but looking for it the other day I came across something else which has a certain significance in our present connection:—

Certainly, anyhow, the United States do not so far utter poetry, first-rate literature, or any of the so-called arts, to any lofty admiration or advantage—are not dominated or penetrated from actual inheritance or plain bent to the said poetry and arts. Other work, other needs, current inventions, productions, have occupied, and to-day mainly occupy them. They are very 'cute and imitative and proud—can't bear being left too glaringly away far behind the other high-class nations—and so we set up some home "poets," "artists," painters, musicians, literati, and so forth, all our own (thus claimed). The whole matter has gone on, and exists to-day, probably as it should have been, and should be; as, for the present, it must be. To all which we conclude, and repeat the terrible query: American National Literature—is there distinctively any such thing, or can there ever be?

In the meantime America continues to send us pictures as bankrupt of ideas as the talkies are of words. Time was when I counted myself among the more frantic admirers of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, Janet for her Wendyishness, Charles for a curious compound of nervous strength and a capacity for being hurt. This was in their silent days. Then came the talkies, and I shall never forget how Janet's speech drove me headlong from the theatre. In this respect she has much improved, or perhaps it is the sound-production which has now become so perfect that in *The Man Who Came Back*, trade-shown this week at the Cambridge Theatre, Janet has been allowed to speak throughout in something approaching a whisper, and so avoids raucousness. Farrell's voice is neither pleasant nor unpleasant; any bus conductor might possess it without occasioning remark. He has, however, entirely lost his charm, and throughout this long film not one single moment of his acting gave me any of the old pleasure. Janet appears considerably older, and all that is left of her appeal is the pathetically twisted mouth. She has been badly directed in this film, at least to the extent of being allowed to display two of the ugliest and grubbiest little paws imaginable.

And then the story! Stephen Randolph, the drunken heir to millions, takes a chorus-girl for a trip in an aeroplane and proposes marriage—a freak which costs Stephen's excessively



THREE CELEBRITIES: LAWRENCE TIBBETT, MARION DAVIES, AND CHARLIE CHAPLIN

A group taken whilst "*The Southerner*" was being shot. It is the film in which Lawrence Tibbett plays the lead. Charlie Chaplin's own new big film, "*City Lights*," we shall get in London some time in February, and from all accounts it will be one of his very best

vulgar father 25,000 dollars. The old man then ships off his son to San Francisco. But Stephen, to quote from the programme "is dissatisfied, and accuses his father of having spoiled him with over-indulgence and a lavish education which made him miss all the real fellowship of college life." Judging from other films the real fellowship of college life consists of playing football with Clara Bow. But let that pass. Stephen goes to 'Frisco and falls in love with Angie, a cabaret dancer whom he proposes to take back to New York with him. Angie is overjoyed, but on hearing that she is to go not as wife but as mistress becomes "bitterly disillusioned." In the meantime Stephen has committed forgery, so his father ships him off to Shanghai. Arriving at that port by sailing-vessel, Stephen discovers the bitterly disillusioned Angie installed as principal bait in a Chinese opium-den, the maiden having contrived to undergo ten years' degradation in the space of, allowing for her voyage also, about six weeks. So Stephen reclaims Angie and they both ship themselves to Honolulu where, in a flower-covered bungalow on a pineapple plantation, they live for three years. Further complications arise in the course of which Angie, again to reclaim Stephen, who has broken his pledge of reformation, pretends again to have resorted to opium. So he duly horsewhips her in the course of which she drops her Chinese kimono and dope-sodden grin to reveal spotted muslin and the Janet-smile. It was only a trick and as the whipping left her unmarked we can assume it to have been neither for weal nor woe. Then Angie ships Stephen back to New York and remains behind with an oily Lothario who turns out to be old Randolph's private detective. And since Angie, while Stephen is on probation in New York, leads a life of purity at which the flowers themselves would be abashed, why then Angie is presently gathered to the bosom of Stephen in the opulent saloon-lounge of Randolph père, who regrets that the boy's mother, being in heaven, must deny herself the pride of making the young woman's acquaintance. At this the dress-circle at the Cambridge Theatre vulgarly guffawed, the politer stalls being content to titter.

Some publicity literature informs me that "under the direction of Raoul Walsh the elusive appeal of Janet Gaynor is vividly enhanced." If enhanced means what I think it does, this was not possible. I am further told that "to the romantic boyishness of Charles Farrell is added force and power." My remark about this is that we are asked to accept force and power in place of the romantic boyishness which has entirely disappeared. Judging by this film Farrell has now become in his screen-personality a completely unremarkable, commonplace, and if anything, rather objectionable young man. Janet, too is on the wane, and this stupid meandering picture was one more in my too long sequence of Gaynor-Farrell disappointments. For I loved them once.





## ROUND THE THEATRES



IN "TANTIVY TOWERS" AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH: Miss Doris Woodall (the Countess of Tantivy), Mr. Dennis Arundell (Lord Harkaway), Mr. Roy Russell (the Earl of Tantivy), and Miss Olive Evers (Jenny Joy)

ANOTHER GROUP IN "TANTIVY TOWERS": Miss Vera Robson, Mr. Dennis Arundell, and Miss Kit Orpen



IN "THE LIMPING MAN": MR. FRANKLIN DYALL (DISHER) AND MISS EVE GRAY (GLORIA)

IN "PRECIOUS BANE": BEGUILDY (MR. DONALD WOLFIT), GIDEON (MR. ROBERT DONAT), AND JANCIS (MISS JOYCE BLAND)

Mr. A. P. Herbert's new play, "Tantivy Towers," with music by Mr. Thomas Dunhill and production by Sir Nigel Playfair, has had a definite success at the Lyric, Hammersmith. It is all about a fox-hunting lady, Lady Ann Gallop, who philanders with a young man with a tenor voice (from Chelsea) till she discovers that although he can sing "John Peel," he cannot bear the sight of a foxhound. She then marries the M.F.H. The word "tantivy" incidentally is intended to relate to the noise made by a coach-horn and has no connection at all with fox-hunting! Mr. Franklin Dyall has been given a part quite after his own heart as the Super-Sleuth Disher in "The Limping Man," Mr. Will Scott's new play at the Royalty, and in this picture he is seen putting Gloria, who loved one of the suspected murderers, through the hoop. It is a real hair-raiser. "Precious Bane," which is at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, and is founded on Miss Mary Webb's novel, is another thriller, an honest-to-goodness gripping drama. Mr. Robert Donat has a big success as the wicked betrayer of Jancis (Miss Joyce Bland), the daughter of Beguidy, the wizard who puts a black curse on Gideon which does not do him a lot of good



# FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

## From Leicestershire

Last week at Melton was the busiest of the season, the rush starting with the Melton Ball on the Thursday night admirably run by Major Harrison. It is unlikely that more pretty women have ever assembled under one roof, though one has heard it said that no one stood out. This was due to the extremely high standard, for these things are always a matter of comparison in the same way that the waiters in one of our leading London dance clubs appear to be a fine body of men in this, the off season, which they undoubtedly are, compared to the guests.

Nothing very startling in the way of costume or deportment excepting for the mental aberration of the lady who, unable to think of aught but hunting, omitted her stockings one night and put on her frock back to front the next, while the dancing of one gentleman suggested incipient tetanus, or that he had inadvertently buttoned his trousers to his waistcoat.

On the Friday the Quorn had a good day in rather moderate weather, killing their fox in the open after an hour's hunt from Ashby Pastures. It is thought that the "Count" has a double to come out and ride his second horse when he has a muddy fall on the first, rather in the manner of the man who gets covered with custard in the pantomime and reappears a moment later clean from the wings.

Despite the hard work of the previous twenty-four hours the party at Staveley on the Saturday night went with a bang from the opening bars till the dispersal of the last dish of succotash, and our best thanks are due to the hosts and the Broses who allowed their house to be turned upside down. For the benefit of the young and only semi-house-trained, it should be pointed out that "close-ups" of strangular osculations, while delighting the cheaper seats at the cinema, are out of place in the ladies' cloak-room and embarrassing to the departing guest on whose coat you are sitting.

Monday from Wymeswold would have been a first-class day but for the strings of cars which nearly every day spoil the sport they come out to watch. Mundays to Ellas and back is always fun, but without the cars on the main roads the fox might have gone straight over the road from Ellas or on to Shoby Scoles. Can't someone's horse-box break down in front of, and behind them, at the meet and block the road for the day.

With the start of the point-to-point advertisements the shadow of the end begins to fall, and I am asked to say that the inter-club point-to-point run by Bucks Club takes place in conjunction with the Bicester on March 4. A sporting event with a good cup and sweep added; particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Bucks Club, 18, Clifford Street.

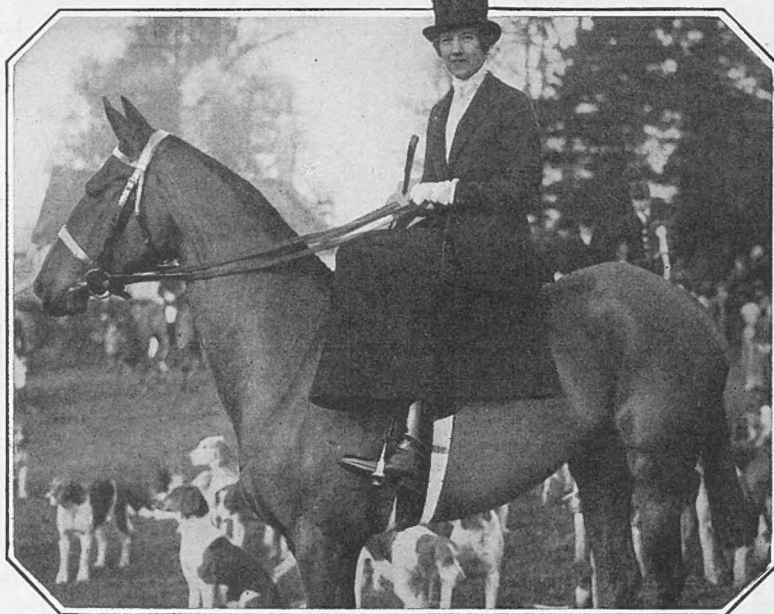
## From the Belvoir

The Wednesday meet of the Belvoir at Scalford Hall was a crowded picture, and "Hoppy's" sideboard was *in loco* Heppell to those who had attended Mr. Emanuel's marvellous party at Rockingham the night before. Some only just got back in time to change, and some apparently only left just before lunch, and were too late to hunt. Two good foxes were provided, one from Old Hills which gave a very fine half-speed hunt to Sherbrookes, and one from Melton Spinney in the afternoon, which ran via Scalford and Goadby to Freeby Wood. Our host of the morning has now definitely decided who invented the famous war-time bomb. About 20 per cent. of saddles empty in the afternoon hunt and two bridleless horses going better than anyone.

The Saturday meet at Plungar produced a big field on a bitter cold morning with half a gale blowing, and it was annoying to find someone had shifted the fox from Granby Gap before we got there. As usual Kaye Wood held, but hounds were fighting a losing battle all the way, and it was not till the evening hunt from Sherbrookes to Holwell Mouth that they could run on. A yarn dealing with Christian Science had been going the round during the blank morning, and Peggy bore out its precepts, admirably showing extreme fortitude, and denying that Gordon's riding muscle gave any pain. The latter, whose chestnut horse by Ming had rolled on him wasn't quite so sure. Our sympathy, and hopes that he'll be out in a day or two.

It was pretty to watch the young couple who, having ridden in each other's pockets all day, started the ascent of the hills. Sticking in a thick bull-finch the girl was barged bodily through by her boy friend, who was only given a length's clearance, and went on up the hill leaving her swain with his horse's head showing one side of the fence and his tail the other, quite motionless, in the manner of a chop shot at croquet.

Sport seems to be improving every day and we can only pray that after a moderate season up to Christmas we shall not now be stopped by foot-and-mouth, which has started farther south.



Howard Evans

MRS. A. D. MILLER WITH THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE

At the Ewelme Common fixture last week. Mrs. A. D. Miller is the wife of the senior Joint Master, Brigadier-General A. D. Miller, who took on in 1926. General Miller was Master of these hounds previously. 1914-1920

## From the Beaufort

The dog hounds again scored another really good hunt from their fixture at Lynham Green on Monday, making a very good hunt of it well into the V.W.H. Cricklade country. It was certainly on the heavy side, but what does it matter when they run? Tuesday with Master and the lady pack from Newton Lodge was voted by far the best Tuesday this season, a sharp burst from Ashley Marsh to Kemble, where hounds were stopped, then from Chedglow—a real good hound hunt with a point into the V.W.H. via Paradise, Oaksey, and on almost to Braydon Park, when scent failed. The odd dozen who stayed on for the evening hunt were duly rewarded, and oh, what a relief from the maddening crowd of the morning! Hounds ran really fast over a nice line of country. We hope the

Captain in the Greys and the young officer of the Blues were none the worse for being decanted at the meet! A little more exercise and a little less horse box is our suggestion! Wednesday, Boxwell can be termed as a very useful day, from the hills with a nice hunt to Silkwood and such perfect going. Our East Tytherton foxes on Thursday kept us very busy all day, but what a pity they picked such a bad line of country to ride over; Friday at Toghill was a wild, boisterous morning with a cold rain; however the day improved and by noon the wind had dropped and hounds raced from Dyrham Wood, almost to Shishill, and were stopped before entering Marshfield Wood. Later a very fast twenty minutes with an outlier near Tolldown across the walls, with a kill at Doddington. Saturday at Badminton Station was a real busy day and a very hard one on horses. We were all very pleased to see our joint M.F.H. out again, and are glad to hear his Lady wife is better. What a gallant effort to get back in the plate but, alas, it just couldn't be done!

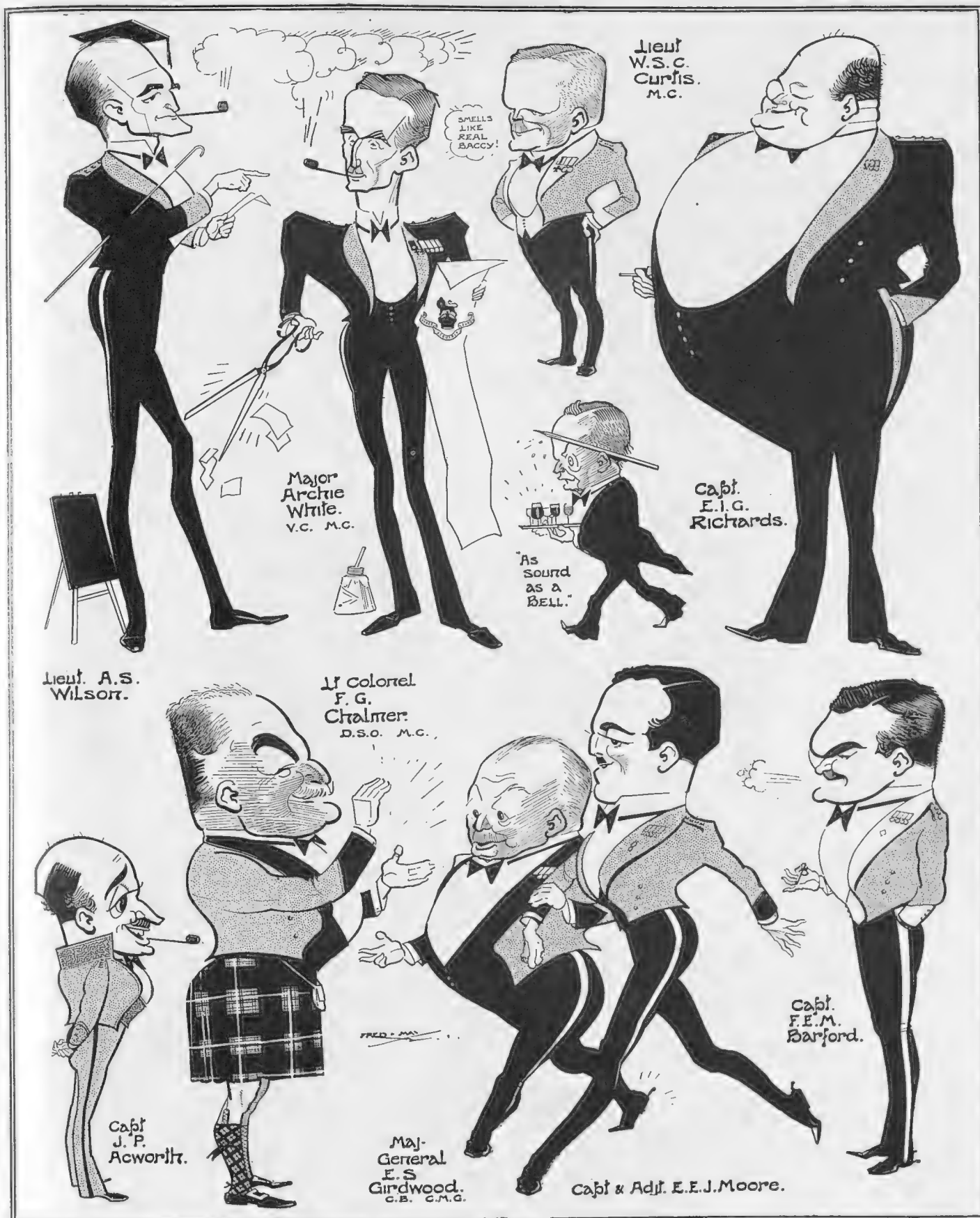
## From the Heythrop

Monday at Hook Norton was one of those inexplicably bad-scenting days, which can only be compared to a bad day's fishing, when many good casts are made but the result is nil, for the fish do not rise and the foxes do not smell. The day was just redeemed by a slow, scentless hunt from Ilbury to Great Tew in which one of our young cavalry

(Continued on p. iv)



# TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT



## SANDHURST'S COMMANDANT AND HIS OFFICERS—BY FRED MAY

Major-General Eric Stanley Girdwood, C.B., C.M.G., has been commandant of the R.M.C., Sandhurst, since 1927, and he is seen here amongst other impressions of those whose task it is to manufacture that very fine thing, an officer of the King's Army. The same thing is done, of course, at two establishments which specialize, "The Shop"—Sappers and Gunners—and Cranwell, where they manufacture Hell's Angels. Sandhurst is the factory for what have been called "Horse, Fut, and Dhragoons," and very well it is done. The Army nowadays is one of the sweated industries, and not the thing it used to be, when war was one of the more gentlemanly of the professions





Miss Compton Collier

MISS ALISON AND MISS LETTICE PUMPHREY

A charming snapshot taken at Hindley House, Stocksfield, Northumberland, of the two nieces of Mr. Lewis Priestman, Master of the Braes of Derwent Hounds. Like the rest of their family they are both keen fox-hunters. Mr. Priestman has been Master of these hounds since 1896. It is an old-established hunt and can claim to date back to the middle of the eighteenth century when its trencher-led predecessors hunted this region of Durham and Northumberland

#### Adventure.

**M**ONOTONY is, I suppose, the root-cause of half the crimes. I have come to the conclusion that it is the biggest bugbear in human life. Man is a restless animal at heart. He cannot endure easily the peaceful dullness of routine. He will even accept war not ungladly; until, peradventure, war itself has become monotonous. Often when I read of people being had up for stealing some article of little use and of no value, or see men and women intoxicated, I believe that the true explanation is that they were so utterly fed up with themselves and their life that the excitement of stealing or of being drunk appears to their monotony-drugged minds the only way of escape. One simply must have something to look forward to; one simply must create for oneself some form of excitement, if we are not sooner or later to suffer from the "madness" of stagnation. So some people are forced to extreme measures in order to make it at least momentarily interesting. I have just been reading two books: one, "The Kangchenjunga Adventure" (Gollancz. 16s.), by Mr. F. S. Smythe, the other, Mrs. Cecil Chesterton's "Women of the Underworld" (Stanley Paul. 5s.), and curiously enough I have seen a connection between the two. The former is one of the most vivid, most interesting, and certainly one of the most exciting books on mountain-climbing that I have ever read. The latter, one of the saddest, yet, at the same time, a very human book of documentary evidence on crime and prostitution among girls and women in the East End of London. And somehow I seemed to realize that there is a certain psychological relationship between the spirit which seeks to explore the unknown corners of the world, and the girl who seeks a way out of the poverty-stricken drabness of her life by theft, by sex adventures, by minor forms of crime. Both are unconsciously inspired by a perfervid desire to get away from the stark monotony of correct everyday life. Yet, as one reads Mr. Smythe's account of the hardships, the suffering, the disappointments, and the almost superhuman courage of the small company of men who in 1930 attempted to climb the terrible Kangchenjunga Mountain, one wonders if it were all worth while? The only answer one can find to that question is that each member of the party was fulfilling a "dream," achieving an ambition. The more dangerous the "dream," the more impossible the ambition, the greater the glory of its realization. It is this same restless spirit of adventure which has forced mankind up from the animal depths, given them all his finest discoveries, his arts, and his crafts, gained for him his greatest achievements,

## With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

lent his spirit wings. "The Kangchenjunga Adventure" is an epic of its kind. "To compare Kangchenjunga with the Alps," the author writes, "is like comparing a pigmy with a giant." It has dangers of which the Alpine climber knows only a suspicion. Blizzards, avalanches of colossal magnitude, walls of sheer ice hundreds of feet in height, annihilation awaiting the intrepid climber at every step; everything is on so vast a scale that the wonder is not so much that one man was killed but that most of the party ever came back to tell the world the terrors and the glory of their adventure. Yet even after this magnificent attempt to scale Kangchenjunga, the great peak still remained unconquered. This was the tragedy of the 1930 expedition. Nevertheless such is this restless spirit of adventure in man that the failure will not deter, only help to encourage, further attempts. But if the great peak of the Kangchenjunga still remains inviolate, the almost equally terrible Jonsong Mountain was climbed by the author and his party. I don't think I have ever read an account of mountaineering exploration which draws the reader's interest so irresistibly into the "genius" of the adventure as this one does. Mr. Smythe's book is more thrilling than a hundred thousand detective stories. And let me add that the numerous illustrations are superb in their beauty as well as in their technical excellence.

#### London's Underworld of Women.

**I**t is difficult to know if Mrs. Cecil Chesterton's new book leaves one a greater optimist or one more deeply plunged in pessimism than before. Constructively speaking, it does at least contain an item of real value. From her work among the wretched girls and women of London's underworld one fact at any rate emerges. More than half the crimes and petty misdemeanours are due, as everybody knows, to poverty allied to the dull monotony of being poor. In this way their magnitude would be lessened enormously if hostels were built in the poorer quarters of all big cities in which girls and women could live comfortably and decently for a sum well under a pound a week. Most poor girls' wages amount to no more than twenty-five to thirty-five shillings a week. Usually they are obliged to live at home. Equally usually the home life is squalid, overcrowded; a slum tenement in which there is no personal privacy and only a very restricted liberty. Briefly, environment is the root cause of half the petty crimes which bring young girls and



HERR WILHELM BACKHAUS AND RANGI IN NEW ZEALAND

Herr Wilhelm Backhaus during his recent tour of Australasia, visited Rotorua and Waireki (Taupo), the wonder-places of New Zealand, and there saw the famed hot springs, geysers, boiling mud (known as the Porridge Pots), Steam Hammer, Champagne Pool, Witches' Cauldron, etc. The photograph shows him saluting the famous guide Rangitahi, in Maori fashion, that is rubbing noses, in Rotorua

(Cont. on p. 180)



# FULLY QUALIFIED!

By George Belcher



Little Girl: Please, vicar, may I have a ticket for the concert for mother and one for mother's friend.  
She's all right, she's a virgin  
Vicar: A what!  
Little Girl: A virgin, she is the wife of the man who cleans out St. George's Church



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

women within the clutches of the law. Such cheap hostels (and Mrs. Chesterton declares that they could be run at a profit) would give the girls at least a clean and a decent place in which to live, with the result that they would not be driven into the streets and towards undesirable companions simply as a means whereby to escape the dreariness of their home environment. A pound spent on crime prevention is worth a thousand spent on reformation. Mrs. Chesterton realizes the dull drabness of slum life and the effect it has on youth, which yearns for some outlet of its pent-up energies. On the other hand, so many of the cases which she draws so vividly in her book appear hopeless. What can one do, for example, with the trusted servant who robs her employer of just the things she most values because she is jealous of their value in her mistress' eyes? What can one do with the girl who hates reputable occupation and has not the mind to soar above the tawdry lure of prostitution? One very interesting point emerges from the book. Mrs. Chesterton tells us that the prostitute as a rule despises the thief, while the thief has the utmost contempt for the prostitute. One must in fact revise completely all one's preconceived ideas on human conduct if one would understand and help these women of the underworld. A woman as a rule will rarely reform herself for her own sake. On the other hand, she will transform her moral character completely for someone she loves and respects. Many thieves and prostitutes, we read, have become model wives and mothers when married to decent men, and have completely changed their habits of living for some friend whom they knew had their interest and welfare at heart. Which of course makes the problem of the women of the underworld at once hopeful of solution, yet desperate.

## A Charming Little Book.

There are few lives so happy as the life of a happy family, and let me add regretfully, few things more rare. Nearly always there seems to be at least one member—and one is quite sufficient—who makes existence lonely and wretched for the rest. It may be a selfish parent, or it may be a selfish child, who renders everybody else miserable; or it may be a kind of mutual failure to "mix" which makes all the members of a family live together, bound only by an unacknowledged truce which is too often broken. One selfish person, one bad-tempered person in a household and home becomes merely a wry kind of joke. Alas that you can count the really happy families you know on the fingers of one hand. And yet the sight of such a happy family is one of the most pleasant things in all the world. To see father and mother and their children devoted to each other, working and playing together at one in their individual effort to make the home a little kingdom of love and laughter is something which makes you feel happier and better yourself. And yet how very seldom one comes across such a

jolly little kingdom. How many families there are who start with all those things which make for happiness—health and freedom from financial worry—and yet live miserably together, more lonely in their home life than they would be in a crowd of strangers. And so I believe that one of the great charms of a book which I have just enjoyed reading, "Jerry, the Story of an Exmoor Pony" (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.), is because it describes delightfully a most delightful family life. Eleanor Helme and Nance Paul are the authors, and Cecil Aldin has illustrated the book. The family consists of mother, father, two little girls, and a most attractive schoolboy son. They live in an old house on the borders of Exmoor, and after love for one another, a mutual love for animals and for country life draws them together.

From the reader's point of view they are endearing company. One grows to like the various horses, ponies, cats, dogs, and birds which each member of the family befriends, as one grows to love Mr. and Mrs. Marston, Robin, Jean, and Elizabeth. So one eagerly follows the fortune of Jerry, the Exmoor pony which belonged to Robin. It was caught by him when in a wild state, broken in by him, and became his devoted slave and friend. Will he win the much-coveted prize at the local horse show, as against the dangerous rivalry of the black pony ridden by a boy from London? Really one becomes almost as excited in the event as young Robin himself, who of course rode Jerry. It is the intimate charm of the book, in which each human being, each animal, is a distinct personality and lovable, which makes it so attractive to read. One learns a lot, too, of the habits of Exmoor ponies and the bird and animal life which is found in that enchantingly lovely part of the world. Cecil Aldin, of course, is quite the ideal illustrator for such a volume: So, even though it be naturally too late to think of the book as a possible Christmas present, as a gift book to any boy or girl who loves country life and animals, and as a matter of fact for anyone of any age who loves these



Constable (to resident seated on doorstep at 3 a.m.): What's the trouble, sir, lost your latch-key?

Mr. H. Peck: N-no officer, m-m-my n-nerve!

things, it will be wildly acceptable at any time. The happy family life of the Marstons may seem almost too good to be quite true, but it ought to be true at any rate. It is a real pleasure to share in its happiness for a while if only fictitiously. If "Jerry, the Story of an Exmoor Pony," were a human being I should describe the book as "a dear."

## UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.



"Hark to  
the  
Music  
of  
Hounds  
and  
Horn"



Peole, Dublin  
WHEN THE WESTMEATH WERE AT PAKENHAM HALL: CAPTAIN C. E. WINTER, M.F.H., MISS IVY DAVIDSON, LORD AND LADY LONGFORD, MRS. TREW, AND CAPTAIN DENIS PURDON



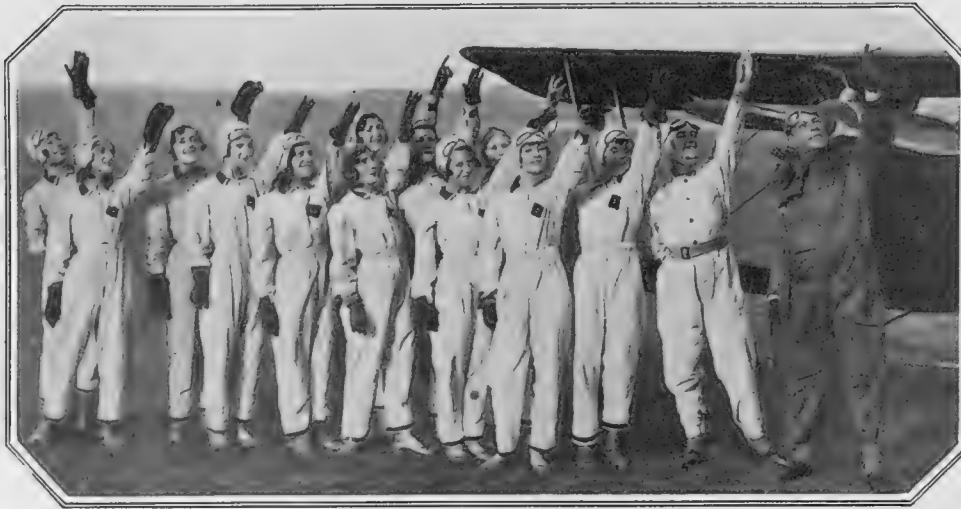
COTTESMORE CAPERS: THE HON. MRS. MOUNTJOY FANE LENDS LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM A HAND

By kind permission of the weather, hunting suffered no interference last week. The group at the top of this page was taken at Lord Longford's place near Castlepollard on the occasion of the Westmeath's recent visit. Captain Winter has been Master and Huntsman of these hounds since 1927. Lord Longford is an ardent supporter of the Free State Government, and flies the green, white, and yellow flag over his house. Few official receptions in Dublin take place without him. Mrs. Trew is Lady Longford's mother. When the Cottessmore met at Langham, Lady Helena Fitzwilliam's horse was very full of himself and bore with ill-concealed impatience the final adjustments made by his owner's groom. Lady Helena is Lord Fitzwilliam's youngest daughter, and Mrs. Mountjoy Fane is Lord Westmorland's sister-in-law. A Garth appointment at Buckhurst attracted the quartette on the right. Miss Pinckard is the daughter of Mr. George Pinckard of Combe Court, Miss Eyres-Monsell is Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell's daughter, and Miss Darell is a niece of Sir Lionel Darell. Sir Leslie Wilson has gained distinction both as a soldier and as a politician and was Governor of Bombay, 1923-8



Arthur Owen  
AT A GARTH MEET: MISS CORAL PINCKARD, MISS JOAN EYRES-MONSELL, MISS ELIZABETH DARELL, AND SIR LESLIE WILSON





"WHIRLED INTO LAUGHTER"—AT SHOREHAM

Blakenmore

The cast of the "Whirled Into Laughter" company from the Brighton Hippodrome, caught in a happy moment and in flying kit at the Shoreham Aerodrome last week

#### Brooklands.

**B**ROOKLANDS, the spiritual home of Bentleys and Bugattis, opened the air season with a meeting which may be regarded as a good omen for aviation this year. The day was windy and cold; but that did not prevent the India Conference delegates from attending and seeing a small but finished flying display of the kind that Captain Davis and Mr. Bradley alone seem able to inspire. There was Mr. George Murray in his Moth performing intricate feats of inverted prestidigitation including an inverted falling leaf; there was Mr. Thorn in his Hermes Avian rolling and spinning; there was Mr. Summers in a Vickers showing that a twin can handle like a scout; and there was Mr. Bulman in the Hawker Hart giving a display which eclipsed anything of the kind I have seen before. The Hart seems to be able to climb about 3,000 ft. on a loop from the level of the shed roofs. It was the most impressive demonstration of sheer performance in a fighting aircraft that has ever been witnessed by the general public. Mr. Bulman avoids the limelight and has been talked about less since he left the Air Force than while he was at the R.A.F., Farnborough, a reversal of the usual order; but his hand has not lost its cunning, and he is a credit to that body of constructors' test pilots which may justly claim to include the finest pilots in Great Britain. Many who give much of their time encouraging flying were at the display. Lady Drogheda and Lady Lindsay-Hogg were there, and Captain Balfour, whose courageous efforts in the House of Commons on behalf of British flying have won much applause, and Colonel Thwaites of the Air League. It was a generous and well-run display, and Captain Davis, Mr. Burney, and all who helped are to be congratulated.

#### Schneider Trophy.

**A**t the time of writing the Government is adhering to its refusal to assist in any way in defending the Schneider Trophy against France and Italy, despite the Royal Aero Club's offer to find all the money. The reason for the refusal is none other than that which prompts weak-minded people to stick to their decisions especially when they are wrong. This kind of obstinacy is pathological, and suggests that the Cabinet ought to see a doctor. The Air Minister has not so far been able to alter the Cabinet's view, though whether he has tried is not known. Perhaps Lord Amulree is confusing his present task of Secretary of State for Air with his former task of Chairman of the Licensing Commission. We hasten to inform him that the Schneider Cup is a cup that cheers but not inebriates. It would be the most difficult cup in the world from which to take even a gin and it. Lord Amulree need have no fear that the Schneider Cup will be passed round the Aero Club brimming with "red and golden juices," for it needs a crane to lift, and has nowhere for the juices to go. In all the Schneider Trophy troubles the aircraft industry has shown a sturdy independence most pleasant to see in these days of doles and despair. It came forward with offers of assistance directly the Government began being "strong" about the expenses of the race. Perhaps the very independence

## AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

of the industry has annoyed the Government, which would prefer to see every industry abjectly seeking its assistance and performing the new obedience known as the Snowden snivel. Evidently the Government prefers opera to aviation, the large ladies of *Lohengrin* to the slim seaplanes of the Schneider Trophy. There is still hope that Captain Balfour, Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir Philip Sassoon, and their supporters may yet force the Government to yield. By the time these notes appear we shall know for certain. In contrast to the behaviour of the British Government over the Schneider Race the action of the Italian Government appears in all the better light. The Italian Government has

never wavered or wobbled in its support of the Italian attempts to win the race, and its firm policy must re-act favourably upon Italian aeronautics in general.

#### Age and the Aeroplane.

**T**here was at one time a school of thought which held that flying was a sport which should be confined to people between the ages of about eighteen and twenty-eight. Now, however, that view has disappeared, and men and women in the forties are finding that learning to fly presents no difficulties to them. Indeed, some of them are learning more quickly and are making better pilots than those in the twenties. At the other end of the scale boys at school are learning to fly in increasing numbers, and some of them make excellent progress. Examples are provided by Captain Dawson Paul and his son. Captain Dawson Paul is chairman of Boulton and Paul, a firm which, among many other things, makes aircraft. He is about forty-three years old, yet he went solo after only 5½ hrs. dual instruction. This is considerably less than is needed by the average pupil in either club or school. It is not to be thought that quickness in the elementary stages of learning to fly is of any great value; some of the best pilots learn slowly, but it does indicate a high degree of aptitude. Captain Paul's son, Mr. F. Dawson Paul, is under fifteen. He has done three hours' dual with Squadron-Leader Rea, and will be ready to go solo after about three hours more. But he is at Harrow, and the opportunity for steady and uninterrupted flying is limited.



CAPTAIN DAWSON PAUL AND HIS SON, MR. FRANK DAWSON PAUL

Captain Dawson Paul is chairman of Boulton and Paul, Ltd., of Norwich, and both he and his son are flying enthusiasts. Captain Paul, who is forty-three years old, went solo after only 5½ hrs. dual, and Mr. Frank Paul, who is under fifteen, has done 3 hrs. dual, and, according to Squadron-Leader Rea, his instructor, he will be ready to go solo in another 3 hrs. The aeroplane is the "B. and P. Phoenix"



## A VERY DECORATIVE PERSONALITY



*Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street*

### PRINCESS MAX EGON OF HOHENLOHE-LANGEBURG

New portraits of the beautiful Spanish wife of Prince Max Egon of Hohenlohe-Langeburg, a great nephew of Queen Victoria. The Princess was the Marquesa de Belvis de las Navas before her marriage, and owns an estate in Spain where she and her husband spend half the year with their young family of two sons and two daughters. They also have a home in Bohemia. Prince and Princess Max of Hohenlohe-Langeburg pay frequent visits to England and have many friends in this country.

## PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER,—I am installed at last, the ultimate nail has been hammered into my walls and (let me murmur into your ear) into my liberty! As well as a new home, you see, I have a new husband! Forgive me for not having mentioned it before but I have a horror of broadcasting private matters, and what, after all, can be more private than the disposal of one's person? Also, be it said, the disposal, in France, is so very absolute! Marriage laws are good-an'-strong-an'-old-fashioned in this country, believe-you-me! Howsumever my bloke is a real partner and not the kind tyrants are made of so . . . we both hope for the best. My new home is in the faubourg St. Germain and, to quote a *confrère* who was at our

first luncheon party and promptly rushed into print about it: "It is when the French people are alone in a family party surrounded by furniture which has come down from generation to generation, and being served by old family servants that one sees how good the talk can be; how firmly established is that French bourgeoisie which, as Mr. Siegfried says, 'has reserves,' that being the open sesame to their fortified castle." It is, I assure you, a huge change from the green fastnesses of Auteuil. Green fastnesses that, alas, are fast disappearing. All the little gardens are vanishing and are being replaced by huge barrack-like blocks of modern flats. My "new" home is old, old, old, but my very-own quarters are new, new, new! And very nice, too. My books and own little bits and pieces stand out well against plain grey (and also chintz hung) walls. I can then draw a *portière* aside and wander into another world of old tapestries and attractive "junk"—a world that you shall explore with me, if you will, you who love old things, when next you are over.

All this, of course, is rather a responsibility after a bachelor life such as mine has been for the last ten years, but I have broad shoulders, and (touch wood and wish me luck) our cook has been with my husband for sixteen years! Nevertheless, I was glad to receive X. Marcel Boulestin's delightful and very useful new cookery book (published by Heinemann), "What shall we have to-day?" It has reminded me of much I had forgotten in the management of—no! in collaboration with—cooks, and taught me a great deal that I never knew! What I enjoy so much about Boulestin's books are the clever and philosophical counsels with which he usually prefaces his innumerable recipes. I disagree with him only on one point, and that is when he says that a meal worth eating must take at least an hour-and-a-half. (To consume, I imagine, or does he mean to prepare?) The other day I enjoyed a most luscious, six-course luncheon at M. Léon Bailby's beautiful house in the rue de l'Université (just round the corner from my new domain).

There was no feeling of haste, one had leisure to savour each exquisite dish, the conversation was as brilliant and amusing as one would expect in the home of one of the greatest journalists and newspaper owners of France, and yet the whole meal was served to twenty-four guests by three deft servants in a few seconds less than an hour. Coffee, of course, was taken afterwards in the big drawing-room over-looking one of those enchanting, hidden gardens that in the St. Germain quarter bloom unsuspected by those who pass through the streets behind high walls. Paris is a far greener town than one imagines; certainly there are not the same vast, open expanses of trees and grass as afforded by the beautiful parks of London,

but nevertheless, if you view the city from the top of the Arc de Triomphe or from the Eiffel Tower you will be surprised at the innumerable oases of verdure that spring everywhere between the grey masses of masonry.

Writing of the Eiffel Tower reminds me to tell you of the effort that is being made next month to broadcast to America the fashion news that, at this time of the year when the *grands couturiers* are preparing and showing their spring and summer models, all the world expects from Paris. A series of causeries, fourteen in all, are to be made, and the first and most important, therefore, will be spoken

by Captain Molyneux our great Anglo-Parisian authority on dress. It will take place on February 7 at three o'clock in the morning, in order to reach the American stations at 1 p.m. on February 6! (This sounds topsy-turvy like something out of "Alice Through the Looking-Glass!!") I am not a wireless "fan," and know very little about wireless matters, that is why I think of the Eiffel Tower when broadcasting is mentioned. . . . I imagine Captain Molyneux climbing to the top of the flag-staff on that amazing eye-sore (that we should so utterly miss

in Paris if it disappeared), and from there speaking his piece into a megaphone! In stead of which it seems that he will have to telephone it to London in the usual manner of telephoning, and from London it will be transmitted to the States. Fearfully thrilling I think.

The Copiaux, that company of actors inspired by Jacques Copeau, who was their founder, has returned to the old Théâtre du Vieux Colombier and there produced a curious play, *Noah*. The first act with its simple but decorative modern scenery representing the entrance to the Ark is delightful, but, alas, it is followed by the deluge which lasts four acts and is as dull as a wet Sunday. . . . Need I say more? The answer is "No"!—So, with love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



AUTORI  
CASINO DE PARIS

MISS JOSEPHINE BAKER IN PARIS

A few recent impressions of the famous coloured dancer collected by Autori. When Miss Josephine Baker first burst upon the Continent it was in two minds as to whether it liked her. Now Paris for one is full of the greatest enthusiasm over her talents





MISS POLA NEGRI

*Manuel Frères*

AND (INSET) WITH MR. REGINALD TATE, WHO APPEARS WITH HER AT THE LONDON COLISEUM

Although Pola Negri's impending appearance in a dramatic sketch entitled "The Last Tango" at the Coliseum on February 9 is described as her stage début, this is not strictly correct, for she first went on the stage in Warsaw at the age of sixteen, and later on was a member of the Russian Imperial Ballet in what was then St. Petersburg. It was after this that she went on the films in Germany and eventually was annexed for moving pictures by America. In this dramatic sketch at the Coliseum, written by a French author round a plot evolved by Pola Negri herself, she appears as a Russian gipsy singer and dancer at one of the smart night clubs in Paris. Mr. Reginald Tate, who appears with her, has played Stanhope in a production of "Journey's End"



## FOX-HUNTING DAYS



A FIVE QUARTETTE

From left to right: Major Anderson, Mr. Anderson, Lady Anstruther, and Mrs. Anderson, photographed when the Fife Hounds met at Kilconquhar House, the home of the Master. Lord Lindsay has had these hounds since 1920; for the first three seasons jointly with Colonel T. H. Erskine, subsequently taking over sole control. The Hunt dates from 1786



Howard Barrett

COLONEL AND LADY ALINE HARINGTON

Who were at Averham Park when the Rufford had an appointment there. Colonel Harington, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., who used to be in the Rifle Brigade, had a distinguished record in the Great War, and was wounded three times. He is a brother of Sir Richard Harington. His wife, formerly Lady Aline Temple-Gore-Langton, is a daughter of the 4th Earl Temple of Stowe



LADY ANNE SPENCER



WHEN THE PYTCHLEY HAD A CHILDREN'S MEET: LADY SPENCER AND LORD ALTHORP

Special meets for young fox-hunters appeared in the fixture lists of many countries last month, and this innovation, started a few seasons ago, has proved a tremendous success. Before hounds move off the Master addresses a few carefully-chosen words of counsel to the children, and it is always an understood thing that if any elders take part in the subsequent fun, they must only ride ponies and keep well in the background. The Pytchley meet for juveniles was held at Althorp, and Lady Anne Spencer and her brother, Lord Althorp, were both members of the field, with their father to apply to for assistance if necessary. Lady Spencer is the Duke of Abercorn's second daughter



LORD SPENCER AND HIS SON



## NEWS FROM THE MIDLANDS



THE LOCAL BUCK'S CLUB: MARKS' OYSTER SHOP AT MELTON MOWBRAY

Marks' oyster shop, one of Melton's most popular meeting places, did a brisk business on the morning after the Melton Hunt Ball, the occasion for the group above. In front are Mrs. Johnny Player, Miss Garrard, Miss Bunting Stephenson, Captain Buckmaster, Lady Ashley, and Captain Tim Birkin, the speed merchant, while at the back is Mr. Johnny Player and A. N. Other. Mrs. Player, who was Miss Leila Reynolds up till 1928, was one of the prettiest people at the Melton Ball. She and her husband have lately returned from abroad and are settling in Leicestershire. Many well-known Midlanders were to be found at Nottingham Chases, among them Mrs. William and Mrs. James Seely. The former was Miss Lavender Francklin before her marriage, and the latter is Colonel Charles Birkin's youngest daughter



SISTERS-IN-LAW: MRS. WILLIAM SEELY AND MRS. JAMES SEELY



AT NOTTINGHAM RACES: MISS. L. ROUNDELL, COLONEL CLIFTON, AND MR. PETER CLIFTON



COLONEL STORY AND MRS. TURNER WENT RACING TOO



LADY WODEHOUSE. MRS. HARRY BROWN, AND MRS. FORSYTHE AT NOTTINGHAM

Apparently none the worse for a very unpleasant fall while hunting with the Belvoir from Plungar on the preceding Saturday, Lady Wodehouse went racing at Nottingham on Monday. Mrs. Harry Brown's husband had several charges running at the meeting. Colonel Clifton is the owner of Clifton Hall near Nottingham, and Miss Lydia Roundell is Lady Maude Roundell's daughter

## THE PASSING SHOWS



## "The Song of the Drum," at Drury Lane Theatre

M EGALO-MUSICAL melodrama in the extremes of elephantiasis is a mild description of Sir Alfred Butt's latest outburst of magnificence at Drury Lane. As an orgy of production *The Song of the Drum* is the kind of spectacle to make a Roman Emperor's Triumph look like the Salvation Army on a wet night. Stripped of its musical embellishments this masterpiece, twenty years ago, would have been called "the Honour of the Regiment." We should have seen the hero caught in a snowstorm in the Himalayas, clapping the heroine to his bosom and the shelter of a British-warm.

Fire and flood, not to mention a pack of fox-hounds, were seldom absent from the old dramas at the Lane. Nowadays a coherent story is ushered to a back seat by the composers and the dance producer. There are theme songs to be considered and the chorus. If it is necessary for three-score ladies in bathing dresses to perform a surf-riding ballet in the middle of the Sahara the authors must somehow accommodate this all-important interlude in the scenario. The comedians will then insist that as the scenery, dresses, and what-not (including the juvenile lead) are minor considerations, at least three more scenes must be added to enable them to make the audience laugh.

Such being the task confronting Messrs. Fred Thompson and Guy Bolton, it would seem superfluous to examine the story of *The Song of the Drum* through too powerful a lens. One can only affirm that if this kind of entertainment entertains, the feast of romantic splendour at Drury Lane is worth every penny of the Government tax. In any case, musical comedy, viewed in the cold light of reason, is the last word in lunacy; when magnified to gargantuan proportions, its inanities are almost overpowering.

But let that pass. Mr. Herman Finck is waving his baton, the curtain is up. It is gymkhana day in one of those hill stations of empire (no map-references given), where the officers' wives wear next season's fifty-guinea fashions, and subalterns flourish their polo sticks as if they were croquet mallets. The regiment, God bless it, is *pukka* to the last sahib. It has its colonel, its cad, its captain courageous, and its colonel's two daughters. In the background a palace worthy of Aladdin nestles against snow-capped mountains. Beyond them is the kingdom of the Ilkhani of Kahlek, simmering with defiance of British rule. Now when a colonel has two daughters one must be cast for heroics, the other for comedy. Sheila (Miss Helen Gilliland) is the heroine, and no musical comedy heroine can be engaged for long in peace or quiet. With melodrama in the air and trouble brewing on the frontier it is only a question of time before Captain Tony Darrell (Mr. Derek Oldham), torn 'twixt honour



"WHAT!  
NO ELEPHANTS?"

Citizen Noah and Mr. Bertram W. Mills would feel at home at Drury Lane, for the new musical melodrama has a strong Zoological flavour. One camel, one donkey, one goat, one monkey, one white

horse for the Ilkhani, Mr. Allan Jeayes, and two Borzois, led by Mr. Raymond Newell, are picturesque etceteras. Danot Aru (Mr. Ivan Berlyn) wears a blood-thirsty dagger in his belt

and the secret service, is knee-deep in misunderstandings. Duty demands that the Countess Olga (Miss Marie Burke), the Ilkhani's arch-spy and Tony's old lover, be lured to his bungalow at dead of night, and regaled with false information concerning the defences of the frontier. What more natural than that his rival,





VAMP, VILLAINESS—

And spy, the Countess Olga (Miss Marie Burke of "Showboat" fame), looking every inch of all three

Stern, who was responsible for the revolving Neuilly Fair at Daly's, is the real hero of the piece. His scenery and dresses are as bold as they are beautiful.

Whereas the Countess has no difficulty in passing through the Red Door, Chips (Mr. Bobby Howes) and his pal Goofy (Mr. Peter Haddon) only do so by hopping into a palanquin containing two under-clad candidates for the white slave market. Are Sir Alfred Butt's liberal revelations of the female form merely local colour or a reply to Mr. Cochran's *Evergreen*? The undressing habit even spreads to the regimental ball, where one of the guests displays her back to the waist to oblige Mr. Howes, who is disguised in a pink nightgown as a back-reader.

This unseemly proceeding had vague reference to the back-writing vision projected like a magic-lantern slide on the exterior of the House with the Red Door. The writer and proprietor (Mr. Ivan Berlyn) had just murdered the Secret Service Major who was the only man capable of clearing Mr. Oldham's honour. The message was the formula of a new explosive which Chips had inherited from an uncle, sold to the War Office for £10,000, provided it proved sufficiently deadly, and disreputably lost. Without that £10,000 marriage with the Colonel's second daughter (Miss Clarice Hardwicke) was "off."

How the cashiered Captain was persuaded by Sheila to refrain from drinking himself to death in the bazaar; how he took service as wireless expert in the Ilkhani's army; saved his brother officers; was restored to the establishment with red tabs and the M.C.—these things belong to the second act as well as to *The Green Goddess*. Mr. Allan Jeayes skilfully dons the suave, sinister mantle of Mr. George Arliss. The song of the hill-men is fiercely sung by Mr. Raymond Newell. Mr. Bobby Howes, as cherubic and inimitable as ever, works like a Trojan with the comedy and is in capital form. Mr. Haddon lends useful support and Miss Hardwicke would follow suit if only she had half a chance. Mr. Oldham and Miss Gilliland run the

Major Murgatroyd—or rather Bonnington (Mr. Brian Gilmour) should drop in at an awkward moment, and carry away the half-burned plan of the forts? Or that the Countess, as a woman of the world, should be deceived by Tony's assumption of insobriety? Or that the Major should denounce Tony in the middle of the regimental ball just when the native drums were throbbing and the call to arms had gone forth? Or that Tony, prior to this undeserved disgrace should stand up and sing "The Song of the Drum," supported by fifty subalterns

in pink coats with blue facings and countless ladies of the garrison attired en suite? Or that a bevy of these charmers should perform a graceful fan ballet indicative of much beauty and the premature decease of countless ostriches?

Meanwhile in that lurid haunt, The House with the Red Door, hours, discreetly silhouetted through tulle, are paraded for auction, and secret messages are written on the backs of beauty unadorned. This scene with its cunning use of towering heights, abrupt angles, and gallery levels is a masterpiece of design and lighting. Indeed Professor Ernst



MISS CLARICE HARDWICKE

Registering that blend of comic melancholia which is her own. Miss Hardwicke is Mr. Bobby Howes' opposite number

gamut of song and suffering with appropriate heroics, and that sensitive artist, Miss Marie Burke, has no opportunities to show her tragic mettle and but one song worthy of her appealing voice. Mr. Herman Finck's ballet and incidental music please the ear, and Mr. Vivian Ellis has written

a variety of tunes which offer no particular *bonne bouche* to the whistler in his bathroom. The Ilkhani's choice of Miss Helen Howell and her trio of body-throwers to perform the fashionable acrobatic display sensationalized by Chita, could hardly be bettered. Professor Stern's *mise-en-scène* for the bazaar in Tussbud, aided by Mr. Felix Edwardes's admirable production, glows with colour, atmosphere, and movement. Setting and dresses skirt Round-Table susceptibilities in a vivid *pastiche* of Persia, Thibet, and the Arabian Nights. If the bazaar seems over rich in live-stock—one donkey, one goat, one monkey, and a few chickens—the Ilkhani's courtyard is a second Olympia. A tray of falcons, presumably stuffed, a brace of dogs, believed to be Borzois, but possibly Chu-Chin Chows, a camel,

and a white horse suggest that this kaleidoscope of beautiful nonsense should have been christened "The Song of the Drum-edary." "TRINCULO."



SAVOYARDS IN FULL SONG

Young soldiers never spy, they simply sing away. Miss Helen Gilliland as the Colonel's daughter, who believed in the honour of her Captain Courageous (Mr. Derek Oldham)



IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP: THE COMEDIANS DISGUISED

Chips (Mr. Bobby Howes) searching for a stolen formula for a new explosive, acts as interpreter to his friend Goofy (Mr. Peter Haddon), who is disguised as a Russian chemist. The explosion follows immediately



SUPPORTERS OF THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE FARMERS' BALL

Holloway

## GOOD GOING



FACING THE FLASHLIGHT

Holloway

Front row: Miss Dunn, Miss Pamela Brassey, Mrs. Philip Ransome, Mrs. E. Fanshawe, Miss Kearsley, Mrs. Ronald Henderson, Colonel J. G. Lowther, M.F.H., and Miss Sinclair. At back: Captain Ransome, Captain Friedberger, Mr. Williams-Winn, Major Galbraith, and Mr. W. M. Marriott, who was dance secretary and a first-rate one. The ball was held at the Northampton Town Hall

Another group at the Northamptonshire Farmers' Ball. In front are Mrs. Ronald Tree, the Hon. Imogen Grenfell, Miss Pamela Brassey and Miss Kearsley. At back: Mr. Holland-Martin, the Hon. Peter Beatty, Mr. W. Wilson and Mr. Philip Cazenove. Mrs. Tree is the wife of Mr. Ronald Tree who joined Colonel Lowther in the Mastership of the Pytchley in 1927. Mr. Beatty is Lord Beatty's younger son



LADY CURRE, M.F.H.

Truman Howell

On the death of her husband Colonel Sir Edward Currie last year, Lady Currie took over the Mastership of his famous pack to the breeding of which he devoted many years of his life. These hounds, which are all either white or pale lemon pied, have a lot of Belvoir blood in them and their courage and endurance are remarkable. Lady Currie is seen here at a meet held recently at Five Lanes. The picture of Lady Ellesmere and a family party was taken when the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds met at Mertoun, Lord Ellesmere's Scottish place. Lady Alice Egerton, who is seven, had great fun on her piebald Shetland pony and the Ladies Susan and Jane Egerton took plenty of exercise on their feet



LADY ELLESMERE (right), HER YOUNGER DAUGHTERS, AND MISS MORRISON

Cuperton





FAIR AWFU'!

A Scotsman sees another pick up a sixpence that he had failed to notice

By H. M. Bateman

## THREE BRIGHTLY TWINKLING S



MISS EDWINA BOOTH



MISS JULIET

All these beautiful ladies have won renown in the realm of the movie play and are very familiar personalities to the film fan, which is the way that no other form of entertainment ever has done or can in fact hope to do. Miss Edwina Booth first made a name for herself in a way that no other form of entertainment ever has done or can in fact hope to do. Miss Edwina Booth first made a name for herself in a way that no other form of entertainment ever has done or can in fact hope to do. She has been in hundreds of films, and one of her is so at the moment in Hollywood in Paul Tanqueray's Exhibition at his new studio. She has been in hundreds of films, and one of her been thrilling Alhambra audiences, and Miss A



## OF THE FILM FIRMAMENT



Paul Tanqueray

MISS JEAN ARTHUR

aying that they are the more or less intimate friends of the world at large, for the film reaches to the ends of the earth in "Trader Horne," and she has never looked back since. Miss Juliette Compton (Mrs. Frank Bartram) is always busy and all Gwynne in the picture of that name. Miss Jean Arthur is in "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu," which has recently east brilliant of a brilliant cast



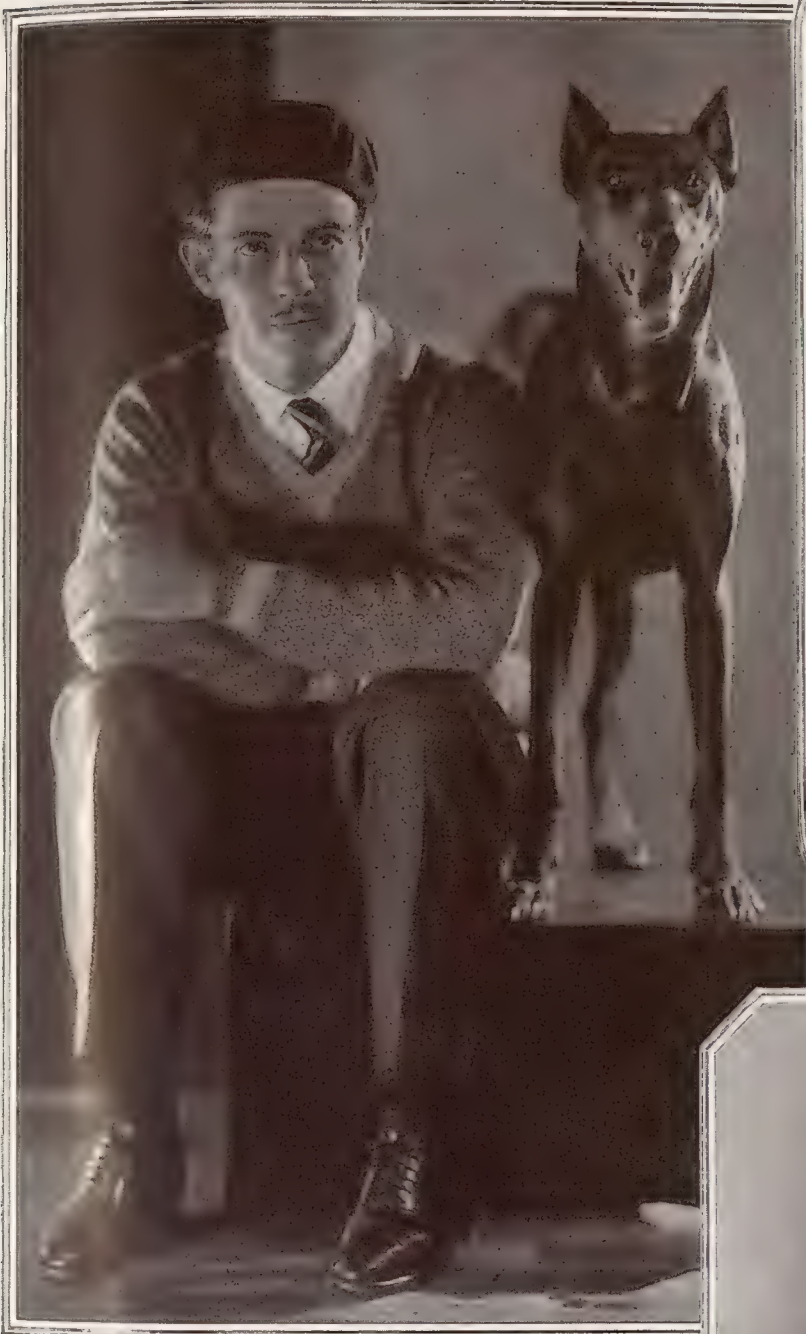


### SOME FERNIE PERSONALITIES

The names, left to right, are: Lady Cromwell, Mrs. Victor Emanuel, Major Gillilan, Captain Charles Edmonstone (Joint Master), Major Guy Paget, Major Massey (the Hunt Secretary), Mr. E. Levy, Commander John Alexander, and Mr. E. de Trafford. The Fernie, like almost every hunt in the three Kingdoms, has been held up by the bad weather both before and after Christmas, but at the moment things look a bit better and most packs have been able to resume



## HIGH LIGHTS OF THE FILMS



IN "DAYBREAK": RAMON NOVARRO  
WITH HIS DOG—ALSO A FILM HERO

Hurrell

Ramon Novarro, who is a Mexican by birth, is with his opposite number hero in his new picture, "Daybreak," which is said to be a very fine one. His real name is Ramon Samoniego, and he left Mexico on the outbreak of the revolution and very quickly made a success on the films in America. He played Rupert in "The Prisoner of Zenda" as one of his first big parts; then "Scaramouche," and hundreds of others followed. Little Mitzi Green is a fast friend of Harold Lloyd, and she has recently been playing in the "Tom Sawyer" film with Jackie Coogan. Beautiful Leila Hyams, whose new film is "Among the Married," was John Gilbert's leading lady in "Gentleman's Fate," and is one of the blondes whom gentlemen are reputed to prefer—at any rate in America.



HAROLD LLOYD AND MITZI GREEN



IN "AMONG THE MARRIED": LEILA HYAMS

Hurrell

## PLAYTIME ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR



MLLE. GABRIELLE CHANEL AND  
BARON PANTZ



MISS NINA WILCOX PUTNAM



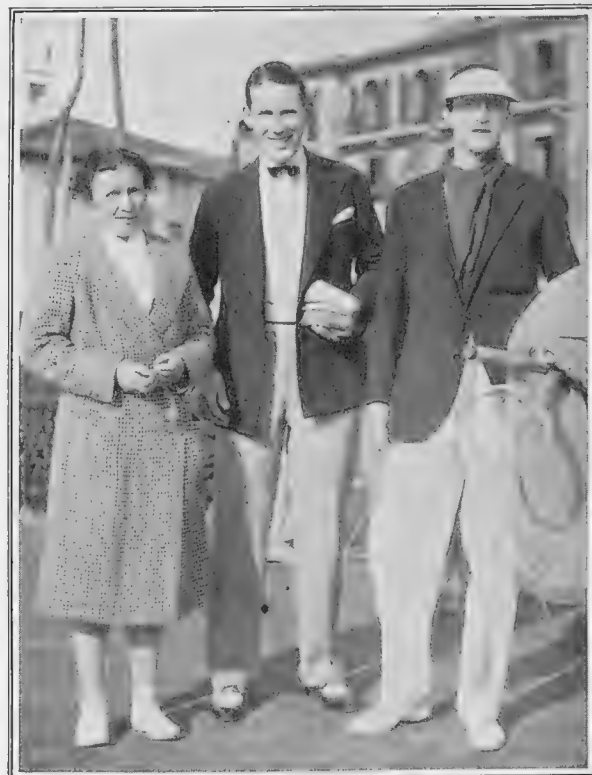
MLLE. "BABY" DRUGMAN AND  
PRINCE SCHAMBERG-LIPPE



MR. T. CUNARD, MRS. HOLDEN, AND  
MR. HOMLIN



AT SAN REMO: MR. WILLIE  
ISAACS



MISS RYAN, MR. TEDDY TINLING, AND  
LORD CHARLES HOPE

Whilst we were being rained on and blown off the earth by storms in Merrie England, the people on the Côte d'Azur are wearing the kind of kit we do in a heat-wave and playing the summer game of pat ball and so forth. Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel, who has one of the most beautiful villas on the Riviera, Roquebrine, is with one of her numerous house party in the picture above. Miss Nina Putnam is the authoress of "Laughing Through," the season's most discussed autobiography. She is at Monte. Mlle. "Baby" Drugman, who is one of the prettiest girls on the Riviera, was Prince Schaumberg-Lippe's partner in the mixed doubles in the Country Club Championship at Monte. Mr. T. Cunard is one of the famous Cunard Company, and Mr. Homlin is the Agent-General of the line in New York. Mr. Willie Isaacs winters at Allassio as a rule, and he was in the winning men's doubles at San Remo. Miss Ryan and Lord Charles Hope were at Cannes, and are far too famous in the lawn tennis world to need any reference. Mr. Teddy Tinling is a well-known lawn tennis referee



# THE SOUTH AFRICAN TEST MATCHES



THE SOUTH AFRICAN TEAM GOING OUT FOR THE SECOND TEST AT NEWLANDS, CAPE TOWN  
Left to right: E. R. Nupen, R. MacMillan, I. J. Siedle, H. B. Cameron, H. G. Deane (captain), R. H. Catterall, H. W. Taylor, C. Vincent, A. J. Bell, B. Mitchell, and X. Balaskas



"PATSY" HENDREN



R. E. S. WYATT AND HAMMOND IN THE SECOND TEST



H. G. DEANE (S.A. SKIPPER)

The Second Test v. South Africa was played at the Newlands ground, Cape Town, where there is a natural turf wicket, and it was the first Test ever played on that kind of surface. After what happened to our team in the First Test we had a fairly good idea of what was coming to us, and were lucky to avert a second defeat. South Africa declared at 513 for eight wickets, I. J. Siedle getting 141, B. Mitchell 123, and H. W. Taylor 117. Patsy Hendren was the hero of our first knock as he got 93, and was very unlucky not to get his century. Balaskas got his wicket clean bowled. R. E. S. Wyatt got 40, and Hammond 57 in our first, and our two innings were 350 and 252. The Third Test redeemed things somewhat, but the "Springboks" showed us quite plainly that no one can teach them anything about the bat and ball game

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



IN "SUCH IS THE LAW":  
MISS KATE CUTLER

Mr. Sinclair Hill's all-British film is the first Stoll talkie and had a pre-release production at the Alhambra for a couple of weeks. Miss Kate Cutler plays the part of a modern Society mother

"Oh, first rate, ma'am," replied the child with assurance; "I'm the best scholar in the class."

"Indeed!" said the Queen. "I'm very glad to hear it. When did your teacher tell you so? This morning?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," came the unexpected reply. "Teacher didn't tell me. I just noticed it myself."

A judge was accustomed to doze during the speeches of counsel. On one occasion counsel was addressing him on the subject of certain town commissioners' rights to obtain water from a river, water being scarce at the time.

During his speech counsel made use of the words, "But, my lord, we must have water—we must have water."

Whereupon the judge woke up, exclaiming, "Well, just a little; I like it fairly strong though."

A Jew was hobbling down the street, and on being questioned explained to a friend that he was wearing size seven boots whereas he really took nines.

"Why is that?" asked his friend.

"Vell," he replied, "my son he spends all my money, my daughter she goes out all the time, and my wife she leaves me alone, too. The only pleasure in my life now is when I take off my boots."

A man had expected his new suit to arrive from his tailor and as it did not come he called to see about it.

"Is my new suit ready yet?" he asked.

"Sorry, sir," apologized the tailor, "but I couldn't get it finished."

"But you promised that you would have it finished if you worked all night."

"Yes, sir," replied the tailor calmly, "but I didn't work all night."

THE following story is told concerning a visit paid some time back to a certain elementary school by the Queen.

Noticing one particularly bright-looking little scholar, the Queen asked her how she was progressing with her studies.

"What part of the country do you come from, may I ask?" said the rural dean.

"My home is in Gloucester," replied the fair young girl.

"Ah, yes. There was a young lady of Gloucester (consternation among those around) who used to take charge of my mothers' meetings."

The veteran was on his favourite topic—his experiences as a soldier in all parts of the world.

"I remember the time when we were stationed near Babylon. Why, it was so hot that we used to toast our bread in the sun, and—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted a war-weary youngster; "and they supplied you with corkscrews to draw your breath."

"Hullo, old man, what's the matter?" asked Jones; "you look down in the mouth."

"I'm fed up. I can't get along with my wife. All she does is to ignore me."

"Ignore you?"

"Yes. And if there's anything I hate it's ignorance."

A golfer was hiring a caddie.

"Can you count?" he asked.

"Yessir," said the boy.

"Can you add up?"

"Yessir."

"Well, what's five and seven and four?"

"Twelve, sir."

"Come along, then, you'll do."

The widow called at the insurance office and stated her case. "But, madam," said the clerk, "you have no claim. Your husband did not insure his life; he took out a policy against fire."



MISS JANICE ADAIR—ALSO IN "SUCH IS THE LAW"—

Miss Janice Adair is the heroine in Mr. Sinclair Hill's all-British and entirely good talkie, which had an exclusive production at the Alhambra. It is a quite modern story and excellently acted by a distinguished cast which, in addition to those in this page, includes Mr. Bert Coote

"Yes, I know; but that is why I claim. He has been cremated."

A city man said to the rustic as they passed Cleopatra's Needle: "You know it is very old, so old that Moses probably saw it when he led the Israelites out of Egypt."

The rustic was duly impressed. "Lor', now, to think that 'e should 'ave come all this way round."



AND ALSO LADY TREE

Who plays the grandmother in "Such is the Law," her talkie debut. Lady Tree had neither seen nor heard a talking picture until she went into this film, and had not even been inside a cinema for fourteen years. Lady Tree has ten grand-children, so this part comes naturally to her



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## THE MEATH HOUNDS AT DUNSANY CASTLE

At a recent meet, left to right: "Sabretache," Lady Dunsany, Lord Dunsany, and Captain R. H. Fowler, M.F.H. "Sabretache" was in Ireland hunting last week with various packs. Lord Dunsany has only just returned to Ireland from a big-game shooting expedition. Captain Fowler, who is Joint Master of Ireland's premier pack with Captain Hornsby, has not been hunting for a bit as he has not been very fit, but he is now much better. The Meath Hunt Ball is to take place at Dunsany Castle on February 16. The Meath Masters are resigning at the end of this season much to everyone's regret, for they are both tremendously popular.

I has been said many times before, as we know, that no one's hunting education is complete till he has had a go in Ireland. If the present witness' testimony is of any value, I tender it in corroboration. I say further that I do not believe that any of us has even seen a ditch till he has been to Meath. On one particular day it was possible to gauge exactly what a Meath ditch can do to anyone. A very famous ex-performer in the Grand National was the pilot of one detachment, which hoped to get inside hounds when they swung, but had no luck, as they promptly swung the other way making it necessary to defeat an obstacle with a low thorn hedge in front of it and a small bank beyond. It looked nothing at all. The ex-G. N. jockey had it first, failed to arrive at the bank, and then he and his horse slowly disappeared from view, as if the earth had eaten them up. The horse hopped out, and then from the bowels of the ditch came a voice directed to the celebrity's hard-riding wife: "Dance at ut Florrie!" it said, and as that was the way to do this particular obstruction, no one else got in, which was lucky, for it was as deep as The Pit and at least three times as wide as any church door I have ever seen. Until you see them do it, you find it hard too understand how these Irish horses can get over the places they do at the slow pace at which you are advised to go. However, it is all tremendous fun and everyone is full of kindness, beans and *bonhomie*. It is a grand country for the fox-hunt. Also the "trimmings" to hunting in Ireland add so much to the value; the amusing creatures you meet and the yarns they spin you. One hero I met was well worth the half-crown he said he needed to fill an aching void. It was during a short time when the hunt was standing still and he had a chance to tell the stranger how expert he was at getting people out of the ditches. He said: "And wasn't Oi out with the dogs last Chewsday and Captin Flannigan into the Fairyhouse River and the mare idlin' on top of him, and me in after um? I give her now poke with me sthick and she hoppin' out like a flea?"

He didn't say what happened to the Captain, and I was so glad that, thanks to the super-performer the Meath senior Master kindly lent me, the expert had not to do anything in the way of making either of us hop out like a flea. The

# Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

thing which surprised me most was the way some of them seemed to want to make the stranger go all of a twitter. It started on the boat going out of Liverpool into the dirtiest sea you could imagine. I asked to be called at seven next morning. I was; but the Irish steward said it wasn't possible to bring me any tea as it would never have made the trip. I said: "I suppose I've plenty of time to dress?" a motor being in wait at North Wall at eight. I knew we were late, but did not know how much. The steward said "*Ah ye have!*" I said: "What do you mean by '*ah ye have*'?" He said: "Ye won't be in before three, and if they thry to put another knot on her she'll break up!"

It is quite possible that the steward spoke the literal truth, for there was sea enough to stop something like the *Mauretania* and, as needs hardly be said, it caused a few casualties amongst the *voyageurs*; but for some incomprehensible reason I escaped, and was quite well enough by breakfast-time to send various Marconis explaining the delay. The head stewardess also was as lively as a lark, a motherly lady who rather resembled a retired mate of a trawler. By way of making pleasant conversation and to pass the weary time, I said: "I expect you've got a good many patients, haven't you?" She said, "Glory be to God there's only two av them and both have the sickness!" The meaning was a bit involved, but I suppose it was all right. One of my fellow-passengers, like so many others you and I meet on the sea, gave me an absolutely infallible remedy against sea-sickness over-night and before we were really out of the river. We were having a friendly "binder" at the bar before turning in. He said, "Och, the say niver troubles me, niver troubles me at all! All ye have to do is to take plenty of D.W.D. (Dublin Whisky Distillery) and ye'll niver feel it! Honour me by having another with me!" Next morning when I was writing letters in the saloon I observed a huddled mass, still wearing its Billy Coke and its overcoat, and I am sure, therefore, that it had not felt strong enough to undress. It was not merely a neutral tint about the face but it had a touch of Prussian blue in it. It looked as near dead as anything you could imagine. It was the hero whom "the say niver troubled at all." D.W.D. had let him down badly for once.

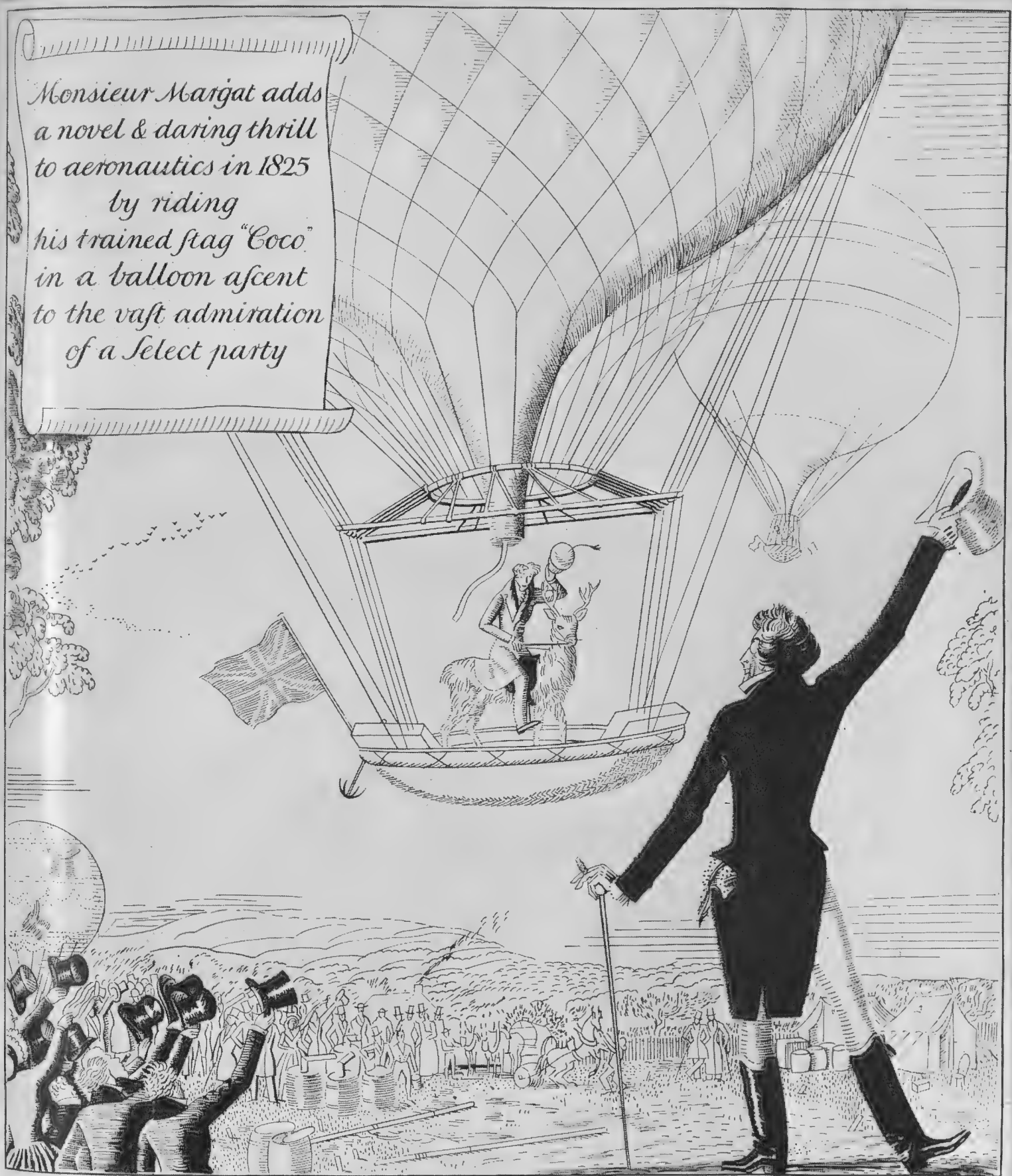


THE BUCCLEUCH AT MERTOUN, ST. BOSWELL'S

A group taken when these hounds met at Lord Ellesmere's Scottish seat. The names, left to right, are : Lady Anne Egerton, Captain Babington (her fiancé), Captain Phipps, the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Countess of Ellesmere ; behind—Miss Morrison and Lady Jane Egerton. Lady Anne and Lady Jane Egerton are two of Lord and Lady Ellesmere's daughters



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THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP—THE LANCASHIRE XV Anning

The team which beat Yorkshire at Leeds on the 24th by 6 points to 4 in the replay. The referee included in this group is Mr. J. G. Bott of the London Society of Referees. The names of the members of the team are: B. D. Butler (full-back); R. H. Hooper, E. Ogden, C. Davey, G. S. Wilson (three-quarter backs); S. S. C. Meikle, J. C. Pank (half-backs); E. Henshaw, H. B. Toft, R. H. Thewlis, H. C. S. Jones, S. W. Livesey, J. W. Scott, R. T. Foulds, A. N. Clint (forwards)

**W**HAT'S wrong with Rugby this season? Something, evidently, for spectators grumble more and more after each big match, and unless there is a change in methods, and that soon, the popularity of the game will diminish. England v. Scotland last March was a serious shock. England v. Wales the other day was not a great deal better, and the recent encounter between France and Scotland seems to have been the worst of all.

"Too much whistle" is the general complaint, and on the face of things it is justified. But the referee is only partly, if at all, to blame. He is there to administer the rules, and if they are broken it is his job to inflict the penalty. If he doesn't the inevitable result is chaos and gross injustice to the non-offending side. He does not make the rules, the blame for them, if any, attaches to the legislators, and he does not break them, the players do that.

Which reminds me of a match played a good many years ago when at half-time the captain of a side which had been frequently penalized went to the referee and remonstrated, saying that he was spoiling the game. To which the official replied, with some justice, that it was not he who was spoiling the game, but the offending players. "Whenever I see them offside," said he, "I shall blow the whistle." The game was all right in the second half.

Most of the trouble nowadays is caused by scrummage infringements, for most teams take almost any risks in order to get the ball. One very much dislikes suggesting alterations of rules, but the present situation is frankly impossible. So why not try a plan which has often been proposed in this column and elsewhere? Forbid the two hookers to move the foot nearest the ball, and allow them to hook only with the further foot. That would stop the present dodge of putting one foot across the outside man, which is in reality strictly illegal.

Some critics have been attributing the decay of open play to the activities of the wing forwards, but recent events have proved that there is not a great deal in that contention. For there are very few really effective wingers to-day, though there are any number of professors of the art of winging to be seen. All the five countries have been seen in the field, but not one of them has produced a really clever exponent. There is one, it is true, and only one, but he has been left out of his national side.

The Scottish authorities cannot have been very pleased with the display of their men against France, two penalty goals is not a very imposing score. But they did not make many changes, and will very likely play a good deal better against Wales at Cardiff next Saturday. G. P. S. MacPherson is back in the side, as was only to be expected, and for his sake it is to be hoped that the turf will be in good condition. "Mac" on the top of the ground is always a man to be feared.

## Rugby Ramblings

The Irish team to meet England at Twickenham on February 14 was made public long before the English side. No great attention has been paid to the defeat by France, but the team has certainly been strengthened by the introduction of P. Murray at outside half and the moving back of E. O. Davy to the centre position. Report speaks highly of the new centre, L. B. McMahon, and many will be curious to see J. D. Egan, the latest successor to W. E. Crawford. The Irish forwards are mostly old friends, and pretty good ones too.

It will be remembered that two years ago Ireland gained their first victory at Twickenham, winning, and that deservedly, by 2 tries to a goal. They also won at Dublin last year by a dropped goal to a try, a game which one of the English sponsors said his men ought to have won on their heads. But they didn't, and it is by no means certain that they will win this year. Much depends on whether the selectors have been wise enough to correct the more obvious errors in the side that drew with Wales.

Many people were very sorry to learn of the untimely death in India of Captain Hugh McVicker, R.A.M.C. He was one of three brothers, all of whom played for Ireland during the last decade. Educated at Coleraine and Edinburgh University he did not gain his Irish cap until after he had joined the Army, for whose fifteen he did excellent work. He was contemporary with that great Army and Irish forward, W. F. Browne, and it is quite likely that "Horsey" gave him a helping hand with the Irish authorities, who are not as a rule too ready to select Anglo-Irishmen. "Horsey" himself, by the way, who has been far from well for some time, is reported to be very much better, welcome news indeed.

We are getting within hail of a series of matches which to many connoisseurs are amongst the most attractive of the season—the Inter-Services Tournament. Make a note of the following dates: February 21, Royal Navy v. R.A.F.; March 7, Royal Navy v. Army; March 28, Army v. R.A.F.; all on Saturdays and all at Twickenham, and Rugby of the best and cleanest kind. Since the Navy won in 1927 the Army have monopolized the honours and have not lost a match in the series. They may be trusted to strain every nerve to retain their laurels, but they may not be quite as strong as usual, and there are signs that the Navy side is developing into something pretty good. The moving of Lieutenant W. H. Wood into the centre seems wise, for this fine natural footballer has spent too much of his time neglected on the wing. "LINE-OUT."

THE YORKSHIRE COUNTY XV Anning

The team beaten by the Lancashire XV (above) in the replay of the County Championship tie at Leeds. The officials in the group are: Mr. L. Clifford, President Yorkshire Rugby Union, and Mr. J. G. Bott, the referee. The names of the team are: L. L. Bedford (full-back); L. A. Booth, Frank Williams, F. W. S. Malir, C. F. Cardale (three-quarter backs); J. R. Auty, R. M. A. Kingswell (half-backs); N. Hipps, C. Mann, H. A. S. Malir, J. S. Mellor, H. Haigh-Lumby, R. Bolton, C. Smith, H. Wilkinson (forwards)



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# PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.

Still They Come.

**T**O the making of laws and regulations there seems to be no end. Scarcely had we become subject to the Roads Traffic Act (which still leaves many other and

Government is really taking an interest in roads and road vehicles came recently to hand in the report of the Royal Commission on Transport. Some of its findings struck me as being rather obvious—the mountain bringing forth the mouse—but with that about the substitution of motor-buses and trackless trams for the railed tram I found myself in hearty agreement. Unhappily the termination of the Commission's excellent work coincided with the introduction by the L.C.C. of a fleet of new type trams (which are just a little over twenty years too late), and since then I see that they have bought £50,000 worth of tram-rail. For once in a way it is British. So I do not quite see the costly, noisy, traffic-obstructing, road-destroying tram being done away with just yet—in London, at all events. But there is hope for the provincial cities, which as a rule are much more progressive.

A Fine Job.

**S**ir Herbert Austin and his colleagues ought to be very pleased with themselves for having successfully produced a very notable new car, and one moreover that finely carries on the tradition of a famous name. I always think that the career of this company is exceptional in this, that in all its post-War activities it has never turned out a "dud" model. Of its kind every one has been outstanding, and has stood the test of years of steady production. It does not need much boldness to predict that the Twelve-Six will

be a conspicuous item in the programme for a very long time to come. It is really remarkable that such things can be done nowadays, when everything is so depressed, and initiative is smothered by hopeless difficulties, but this is a case where the motor trade has given a lead that may encourage other branches of British industry. On that account the new Austin car is all the more valuable an innovation. For the extremely modest sum of £198 you can have a sizeable and handsome four-seater saloon, in fabric or coachbuilt finish to choice. It has four doors, six lights (safety glass throughout), a gracefully-domed roof, and a very full equipment including wire detachable wheels, air cleaner, and indeed practically everything that the completest car can boast. Without passen-

gers the whole weighs under a ton, although it gives really adequate accommodation to all its passengers, and since it has a thoroughly up-to-date 1½-litre engine to propel it, the road performance is calculated to satisfy the most critical. It will certainly do over 55 m.p.h. on the flat, and over twenty-five miles to the gallon under average conditions. But a more

(Cont. on p. viii)

THE SH-ELL SPIRIT  
By Autori

Miss Cicely Courtneidge in "Folly to be Wise" at the Piccadilly Theatre, as Autori sees her in her perfectly wonderful acrobatic dance. It was a revelation to the theatre-going world to see Miss Courtneidge doing things which ordinarily would tax the best professional acrobat. "That's Sh-ELL, that was!" just about describes her lightning speed over the ground

AUTORI

older statutes in full force) than we were loaded up with the Motor Vehicles (Construction and Use) Regulations. However, this last code does cancel out some of the antiquated orders, and it is something to be thankful for that it makes in general for simplicity. So far as private cars are concerned it is really of more importance to the manufacturer than to the user, for, with regard to construction it merely makes compulsory principles which practically every car constructor has voluntarily adopted. For example, after next New Year's Day all new vehicles will have to be equipped with a wind-screen of safety glass and a reflecting mirror. That need not worry anyone very much for I believe that all new cars to-day are so furnished. What they are not always provided with is a driver who will make proper use of his mirror and give some consideration to the traffic behind; unfortunately the Ministry of Transport gives no indication as to how this important requirement may be fulfilled. The new regulations cover the questions of noise and the emission of visible vapour, though unfortunately in such vague wording that they may not prove any more effective than the old things that they replace. Such an expression as "As far as may be reasonable" ought not to find a place in any legal code—for who is to say what is reasonable and what is not reasonable in the matter of exhaust noise. However, in these aspects most motorists will welcome a little tightening up of the law, especially in relation to those steam wagons which, with their pillars of cloud, are such a confounded nuisance in the winter time. Other points worth bearing in mind are that, except in traffic, engines must be stopped when vehicles are stationary and that wind-screens must be kept in such a condition as not to obscure vision. One anticipates that both of these demands may give rise to a certain amount of petty persecution, especially the wind-screen one, for the truth is that although on modern roads you can pick up a fine spatter of mud, this from the outside may look almost opaque, whereas you can still see through it pretty well from the inside. A dry cloth carried in the cubby-hole is thus likely to come in very useful sometimes. It is so much better than using one's nice new gloves for the job. Further proof that the



FROM MISS ELEANOR HELME'S BOOK, "JERRY"

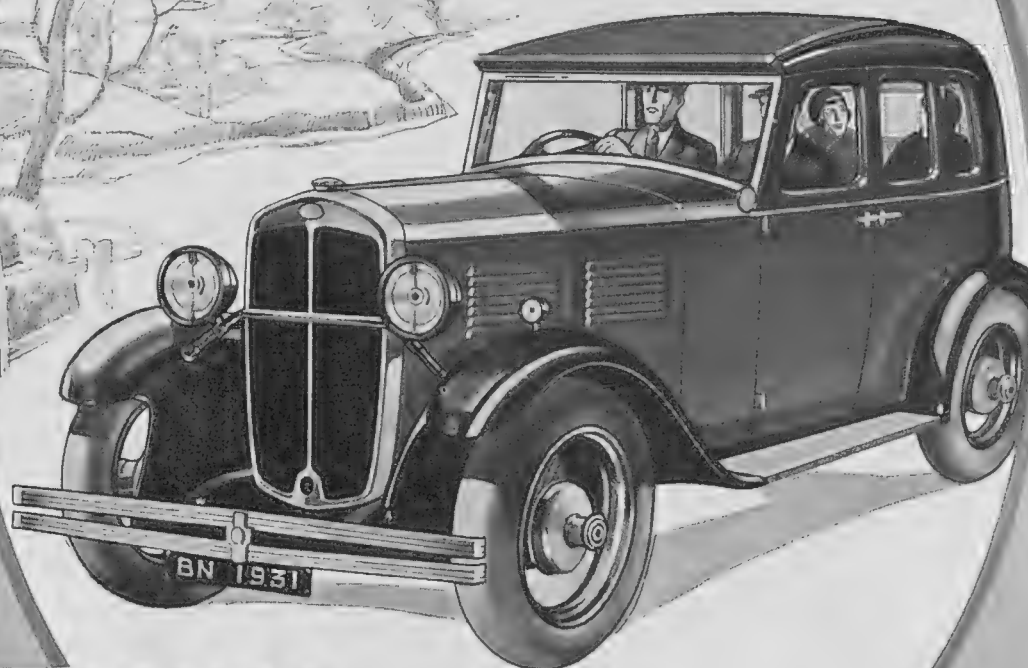
"Nothing more or less than two Exmoor ponies" is the title of this illustration by Mr. Cecil Aldin in Miss Eleanor Helme's and Miss Nance Paul's charming book, "Jerry: The Story of an Exmoor Pony." (Eyre and Spottiswoode.) The book is reviewed in the "With Silent Friends" pages by Mr. Richard King

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# WITHOUT LOVE

By JAMES ASWELL

IT was odd, holding hands and talking low with the red-headed moll who'd steered me to the Jungle Inn this night to get me murdered.

"It's always like that, kid," she was saying. "Nobody's going to give you a break. Just fightin' day in and day out to keep food on the shelf and your best friend from framin' you. I'm tired, Mike. I'm tired of it as hell. I'd like to lie on a beach with you somewheres for the rest of my life and feel you was *there* all the time. You make me feel safe from people, the dirty bums —"

She broke off and her hard, bright eyes were not so hard and bright for a moment. Acting, acting it out to the end. I looked at her and did not say anything. I felt pretty bitter. The way she'd staged her little play for the last four days had kept me white-hot with contempt for her kind, but the finale she was working up to beat all. Handing out stuff about *me* making *her* feel safe, when she expected to see me sprawled out with a dozen slugs from a chopper in me before this hour was up.

I thought: "I guess I ought to whistle now and let the boys come down on the whole nest." But I didn't. I got a funny kick out of the sitting there, holding Ellen's hand. By trying hard I could imagine that to-night was on the up-and-up all around.

It seemed then that the sleuth racket was very far away, and I had never hunted anybody for the chair, and it was the Real Thing with Ellen and me. I watched the shabby yellow light from overhead slide and ripple in her metal hair. I knew I could have tumbled for her like a sap and got myself neatly bumped off—if I hadn't known.

Funny, to come back with a bang to the realization that Ellen had been the Baron's woman and wanted with all her heart to put me on the spot. I had pinched the Baron for the post-office murders, and he had gone to the chair last spring.

Funny to know that I was put together in a way to fall for Ellen's kind, except that ten years of being a dick had taught me something. A heist guy's dame does not fall for a detective who has fixed her man to burn. When I was fresh to the outfit I'd gotten a bullet in me because I'd decided to pitch my future out of the window for a counter-feiter's moll I'd cornered.

Here was a chance to even some of that score. The thought made my scalp tingle comfortably. Pretty soon I'd blow a little whistle and Ellen and her mob would go up the river for awhile. Ellen, sitting there with murder in her heart, hating me, talking love talk. . . . She looked good, too, as she leaned across the table; very supple, eager, wise. There can be something fresh and jaunty about certain ladies of the mob, something that appeals to a weakness deep in me. I could have swallowed hungrily everything she said except that I knew the facts. She was a good little actress. She wanted to get the hook sunk in me before she jerked. . . . All my life I had been without love. It was a brittle and a careful life I led.

I shook my head slowly, holding her eyes, which hoped to see me dead. "You're not sweet on me, baby. You couldn't fall for a dick. Remember, you guessed I was a dick even before I admitted it. Maybe I've spotted some of your friends and sent them up."

Her mouth tightened a little and she shrugged. She was a shrewd one. She had not tried to string me that she was anything but a girl in the rackets, but she didn't know I was aware *who* she was. It would have been a good moment to freeze and say: "You're not sweet on me because you were the Baron's sweetie, and you brought me out here to-night to see me pumped full of lead. Isn't that nice?" But I didn't say it. Somehow I wanted a little longer.

"I never thought I could fall for you," she said. "I mean, I never thought I could fall for a dick, as you say. But I've done it, Mike. Jeess, I've done it." She pressed her elbows gently into her sides and shivered. I thought her firm little chin twitched a bit. "Mike, I'm kind of cold. I don't know, it's warm enough in here, but maybe there's a draught." She nodded toward the coat-rack behind me. "Can I put your coat on, kid? It looks warmer than mine and I'd like to try it on."

"Sure," I said, reaching back and lifting the coat over to her. She slipped into it. She was hard enough to do that, now! "Maybe we'd better go!" I could feel myself tensing. One

hand was in my lap ready to whip the police whistle to my lips and end the act.

"Not yet," she objected, rather too quickly I thought. It was clear she was feeling the strain at last. She wanted a little longer, too, to get her nerve keyed. The coat gesture may have shaken her more than she'd expected.

I realized that it was lucky this was my show and not some raw rookie's. That wistful unprotected-little-girl-note would have melted many a hard-boiled operative. It almost melted me. I couldn't help feeling admiration for the way she'd put her part over—in such a way that even though I had wised up to who she was, I might believe she was on the level about being keen on me in spite of everything. All my life, I thought to myself, I had been without love—and when the girl came along who could panic me, she had to warm to me in a part, framing me to get rubbed out.

I am a dick and I guess I'm not over-gifted with what people refer to as imagination. Still, in that final place I couldn't help whispering, you might say, to myself; "Mike, it might be real. It might be real dope, she's sweet on you. A place with her somewhere away off and not caring about the past and not caring about anything, with the empty part of you filled." But I remembered the Old Man had once grinned and told me that the smartest operative can be taken by a dame who can act, and what dame couldn't?

Facing me was a door, not the one we'd entered by, which the waiter had obligingly locked, but one leading into the back yard where my car was parked. Trained on that door (we'd done some smart work to get the whole lay) was a Thompson sub-machine-gun with two gorillas behind it. They were located in a patch of shrubs twenty yards away. And behind *them*, lying in a big ditch for hours, were four operatives and two cops, with riot guns and plenty of automatics cocked. We wanted to get them with red hands. When I blew my whistle, a spot-light would pick out my friends in the shrubbery and they'd have no time and no chance to do anything.

It had been tedious work planting everything, but it was the only way. The gunmen would drive up, jump out of their car and prepare to do their work in a hurry, to blow afterwards in a hurry. Ellen was to steer me into their hands as near the agreed moment as possible. We'd found out all that.

I knew it was almost time for her to flush me. It was a pity she was sewed up so tight. She'd worked for her revenge with skill and determination. Even though it was a yellow way to double-cross a guy she was obeying her code, the only one her kind knows. She might be a little nervous, but she wouldn't waste any regrets. And I couldn't help liking her for playing the thing out to the last line.

She fidgeted in her chair and stood up slowly. I saw her face was white, dead white. She looked, I remember, very tiny with my big coat on her. I had her every move mapped in advance. She'd hand my coat to me and get ready for her own. Then I'd sound my signal and she'd be as good as on her way up the river.

"Mike!" There was a note in her voice nobody could fake. "Listen to me. I love you better than God. You'll know. But in a second things are going to pop. Don't ask any questions, but shoot the lock off that door and run. Run! Run! Bust it in, get out of here and shoot any bozo in your way."

She spoke in such a fierce, unexpected frenzy, her throat pale as paper and jerking against the dark coat collar, that for the first time in my life I was paralyzed and did not know what to do.

She finished, smiled faintly, and with me standing there like a monkey she swung open the door into the yard and was gone. Instantly there was a screaming, jabbing monotone from the sub-machine-gun. I heard a body fall, lightly, across the door.

Chasing upon the heels of all this came a wild racket of assorted shots. The boys, surprised, had opened fire, thinking I had gotten it.

I didn't hear much of that. I just stood there trembling. I felt weak and empty, like I had suddenly become a kid again. If it means anything to you, I said out loud: "All my life without love."



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# GAMAGES

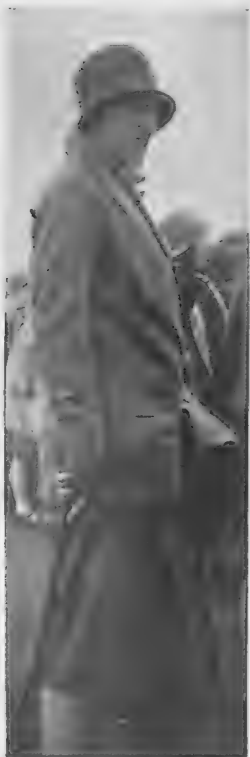
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## EVE

BY the time these words are in print we shall have eaten a doubtless excellent Ladies' Golf Union dinner at the Piccadilly Hotel, and shall be on the point of attending the annual general meeting held the next morning. Those are two events now indissoluble, just as the old annual council and at home used to be.

The agenda does not promise anything particularly exciting (unless any handicap manager should feel very strongly on the



What would Mrs. Lewis Smith say to County Finals in July? Our ex-Hon. Sec. County Golf is at present going round the world

reached when we must really look ridiculous to the other countries in our frenzied efforts.

The contention is that we shall look more ridiculous if we fail to find the funds, by hook or by crook, which can send, and go on sending, teams abroad and welcome teams here. There are plenty of arguments for allowing the scheme to drop, but the task of returning money already subscribed would seem an almost superhuman one, and for the sporting honour of Great Britain it seems as if the moment has come for the L.G.U. to do something out of its own surplus funds. If championship gate-money is theirs to allocate, the L.G.U. might certainly put

**"EVE'S" NORTHERN FOURSOMES**  
The entry form for the Northern Foursomes, which take place at Woodhall Spa, April 14-17, will appear in the February number of "Britannia and Eve," out this week



Miss Jean McCulloch (left) and Miss Vyvian Lamb will be interested parties again when the Scottish Foursomes and Scottish Championship come off at Gullane in June

proposition from Staffordshire that each division of those excellent folk should be entitled to one representative on the council), until we arrive at the item, "To receive report of the Women Golfers' International Match Fund, to consider the question of allocating championship gate-money or an annual grant, if necessary, from the L.G.U. towards the fund." At intervals during the last year impassioned appeals have been made through the Press to all the clubs. These were not that they should "eat more fruit," or indulge in any of those pleasing occupations which the hoardings urge upon us, but "raise more money." Taken in cold figures it does seem ridiculous that people who can afford to play golf at all cannot spare half-a-crown a-piece, once and for all, for the honour of their country, which was all that was suggested. At that basis, on the present membership of affiliated clubs, the amount needed to endow International golf in perpetuity would be secured. But the golfers have not responded as a whole in anything like full force, and the point has been

such to worse use than the financing of teams; but one rather fancies that gate-money is usually charged, by a club to reimburse some of their own outlay on

## AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

lending the course for a championship, and if that is so the gate-money as a source of L.G.U. revenue is not available. The annual grant seems the only practicable plan, and since the Union has had an excess of income over expenditure of £566 odd in 1930 and £673 odd in 1929 it would seem to be in a better position to meet this expenditure than most bodies or most individuals.

By that reckoning, when we have heard so much of the impecunious state of northern golfers and the impossibility of their raising money for International golf, it seems hardly consistent that the northern division should quickly have followed the lead of the south-western in starting a Northern Championship for players in the counties of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Durham, Cheshire, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland. That is the news of the week, and it seems to open up a whole new range of interesting possibilities provided that players can afford to go to it. September 15, 16, and 17 are to be the dates for 1931 with a venue in Lancashire.

There are any quantity of fine golfers in the north who always make plaint of being out of practice in the early part of the year. September ought to give them their chance of showing their mettle in the latter end. The curious thing, though, is that northerners win the spring events and southerners the autumn—which is not quite in keeping with the northerners' moans about lack of spring practice. A southern couple has only once walked off with Northern Foursomes; Miss Wethered and Miss Fishwick are the only southern Open Champions since Mrs. Kennion took the cup to Brighton and

Hove in 1906; no northerner except Miss Cecil Leitch in its two first years has ever won the English. It is all very perplexing.

However, that is neither here nor there with regard to the new Northern Championship. It will give a grand opportunity to the younger players to put effective fingers in pies; it will give the older ones an equal chance to assert their right to be considered better, as yet, than the young ones; it will make for good fellowship between counties which have been apt to take their rivalries somewhat seriously. Good luck to the Northern Championship.

Entries for the Northern Foursomes promoted by "Britannia and Eve" open this week. April 14 to 17 are the dates, Woodhall Spa in Lincolnshire the scene of action, so that couples are likely to be tumbling over each other in haste to enter. Woodhall Spa is one of those courses which needs no recommendation; everybody who has been there loves the course, those who haven't been crave to go. Hasty entry is the only safe thing. This year there is also to be a consolation competition of some sort which will keep players playing busily

after they are beaten in the foursomes, so that the most timid need not fear making a journey to Lincolnshire with no hope of more than one competition round at the end of it. Exact details have not been announced yet, but nobody who knows the reputation of Woodhall and Major Hotchkin for hospitality and generosity will doubt that the consolation competition will be worth playing in.



Judging by this snapshot, Mrs. Rieben and Mrs. Percy seem all the more lighthearted at having ceased to hold Welsh and Scottish Championships





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# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



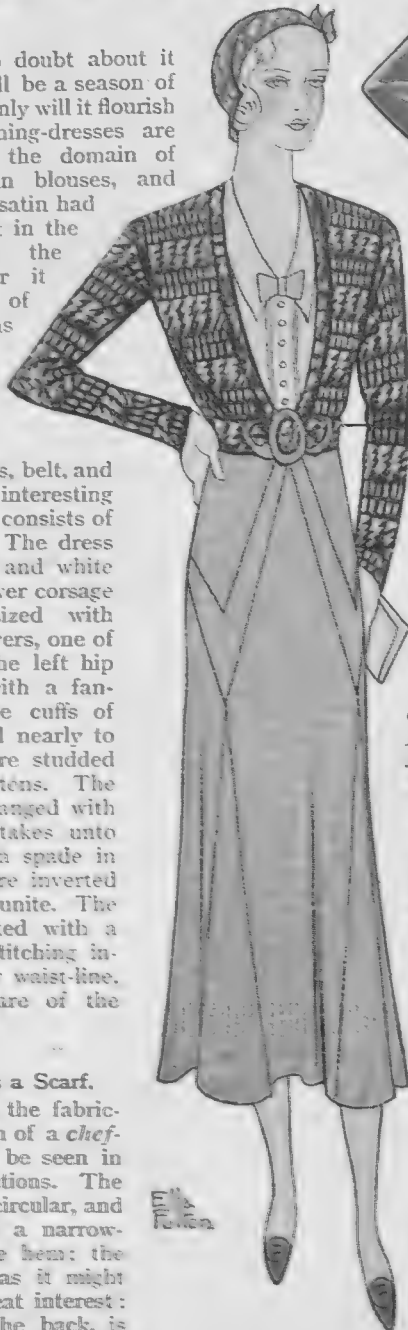
The acme of smartness are these Gazelda golf coats; the one on the left is reinforced with a zip fastening with ties in the capacious pockets; the one below has an adjustable collar and belt; the bag and gloves likewise bear the name of Gazelda. (See p. ii)

## A Season of Satin.

THERE is no doubt about it that this will be a season of satin; not only will it flourish where evening-dresses are concerned but in the domain of day-frocks, tuck-in blouses, and coats. In the past, satin had an ageing effect, but in the skilled hands of the modern dressmaker it suggests youth; of course it also has changed its character. Sometimes it is made up on the reverse side, the bright side being used for revers, cuffs, belt, and strappings. An interesting day-time ensemble consists of a coat and dress. The dress is of printed black and white satin, has a cross-over corsage which is emphasized with white silk piqué revers, one of which extends to the left hip and is finished with a fan-shaped motif; the cuffs of white piqué extend nearly to the elbows, and are studded with tiny black buttons. The skirt portion is arranged with a hip-yoke which takes unto itself the form of a spade in front. Below it are inverted pleats which never unite. The scheme is completed with a black satin coat stitching indicating the higher waist-line, while the revers are of the step character.

## The Cape Becomes a Scarf.

Printed satin is the fabricating medium of a *chef-d'œuvre* that will be seen in the Parisian collections. The skirt is well-nigh circular, and is reinforced with a narrow-pleated frill at the hem; the corset, or jacket as it might be called, is of great interest: it is slit up at the back, is



The very latest commands of fashion are reflected in these Matita ensembles. Important features of the *chef-d'œuvre* on the left are the abbreviated coat and double hip-yoke, while the Russian tunic and seven-eighths coat bring the model on the right into prominence. (See p. ii)



crossed over, and then outlined with a narrow frill to match the one on the skirt. There is a cape on the left shoulder which becomes a scarf when it reaches the right; it is a most ingenious idea. In order that it may be seen to the greatest advantage it must be worn by a slender woman. By the way, there are detachable cuffs, which when adjusted suggest an open fan; they are composed of layers of material finished with hem-stitching.

## For Informal Occasions.

It is strange, nevertheless a fact, that when the true tailor-made is in the ascendant, women indulge in the most luxurious undies and garments for wearing on informal occasions. To-day pyjamas, studio or lounge suits, have such voluminous trousers that they give the appearance of skirts. The same care and thought are given to the designing of them as to elaborate





MODEL B.110 (above).

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MODEL C.260 (above).

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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued



Picture by Blake

## A FASHIONABLE SPRING ENSEMBLE

That may be seen in the ready-to-wear department of the House of Jay, Regent Street, W. It is made of a companionate fabric and is a member of the tweed family. The skirt is becomingly arranged with a patent-leather waist-band while white silk piqué appears at the neck-line

day and evening frocks. Lamé, in which blue, silver, and gold shades are present, is used for the trouser portion of a lovely model; the waistcoat is of black and silver tissue, while the semi-fitting coat with flared basque matches the trousers, the sleeves are of interest as they tightly encircle the wrist and are then slit up from the wrist to the elbow and faced with black satin. Another suit is carried out in opalescent satin; the tuck-in blouse and trousers match the coat, being of blue velvet. Cross-over blouses are often seen with pyjamas, as they form ideal backgrounds for lace jabots and other accessories. It is believed that in the near future women will adopt wigs for informal functions, they will be the work of theatrical costumiers, and no attempt will be made to simulate nature's handiwork—hence they will be quite inexpensive.

## Dress Slips.

It is absolutely necessary that undies should harmonize in line with the dresses they accompany, especially as slimness is the order of the day. A new garment has appeared and, for want of a better name, must be called a dress slip; it really is a development of the time-honoured princess petticoat. It is usually of crêpe de chine, fits the figure perfectly, and is arranged with a hip-yoke: the movements of the wearer are never handicapped as there is fullness in the vicinity of the knees. Naturally such garments are rather expensive, so a petticoat that wraps round the figure with a waist-line that is adjustable has been created; it is safe to predict that it will meet with an immense success. It must not be overlooked that night-dresses are growing longer and that all unnecessary fullness is eliminated. A sleeping brassière that made its debut a few months ago is in great demand, for not only does it control the figure during the hours of sleep, but it supports the back and shoulders.

## Coatee and Russian Tunic.

Matita is not the name of a material but the name of a wholesale firm that creates perfectly delightful clothes for in and out of town wear. These suits and frocks are sold by outfitters of prestige, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to Matita, 124, Great Portland Street, W., who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent. The ensembles are made in a variety of fabrics that have not yet been christened; some bear a striking resemblance to tweed and others to romaine. Variety is the keynote of their creations; witnesses to this fact are the suits pictured on this page. An important feature of the suit on the right is the long tunic; it bears a striking resemblance to the Russian, and of course there is a coat *en suite*. The other suit has a very short coat; indeed it represents the acme of smartness, the dress, of a lighter shade, being arranged with a white organdi vest.

## The Charm of Gazelda.

There is no doubt that for sports-wear gazelda is perfectly delightful; it is well known on account of its softness, suppleness, and beautiful colourings. The only attention this gazelda super-suède requires is brushing by an ordinary clothes brush; this does not harm the leather in any way. Coats made of it are showerproof, windproof, nevertheless well ventilated, and rain cannot spot it. These coats are sold by high-class shops, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, Gazelda, Watford, will, on application, send the name and address of the nearest retailer. Illustrated on p. 210 are two gazelda coats, one has pockets fitted with tees; they are sufficiently large to hold a golf ball, while the other model is reinforced with leather. There are many interesting accessories, including bags, gloves, and hats. A novelty where bags are concerned is the shopping model; it has the appearance of a pochette; on one side is concealed an additional bag for shopping. It really is wonderful the amount it will contain.

## What Every Woman Needs.

What every woman needs at this date in the calendar is an ensemble from the ready-to-wear department of the house of Jay, Regent Street, W. It is there that the model pictured on the left of this page may be seen. It is a study in black and white, and is carried out in one of the new companionate materials that belong to the tweed family; the dress is of a lighter weight than the coat. Of this ensemble one can become the possessor for 20 guineas. Attention must be drawn to the arrangement of the pleats, which do not begin until the hips are passed; the belt is of patent leather, while the neck-line is finished with white silk piqué. A Mayer wool fabric has been used for a simple frock that costs 8½ guineas; there is the new "bib" front by whose aid the aspect of a dress can be so easily varied. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that in these salons there are particularly desirable dresses from 5½ guineas; illustrations of the same appear in the spring catalogue, which will gladly be sent gratis and post free; naturally the name of this paper must be mentioned.





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# BERKELEY COURT

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BAKER STREET

## From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 176)

soldiers came in for some trouble with a bull-finch, who pecked some nasty holes in his outfit and, although just managing to keep his head, lost his hat. Wednesday we were at Northbach for a day in the walls and the wire, and we had to pick our way with great care in the sortie we made into the Cotswold country to Stowell Park. Was the F. M. of the Beaufort paying us a flying or a buying visit? It was a pity that the Clapton Gorse fox went straight to ground; as if the earth is stopped, the chances of a hunt are not stopped and vice versa. Friday at Broadwell was the best day of the season; so far, so good; eight mile point, an hour and a half. The fences came fast and furious, and the going was deep and holding; ditto the Bledington Brook which was full of water and horses.

### From the Fernie

There was a good muster round the village green on the Husbards Bosworth day, a convenient fixture for those from over our borders. With the order for Walton Holt hounds quickly found in the adjoining gorse, and after a preliminary break away settled down to a good hunt. The first fences charged brought several down, one fair lady taking a bad toss, but was able to proceed after kindly help from one of our best sportswomen. There was lepping enough over the beautiful line to the Balls. Mrs. "Victor" was unfortunate to break her saddle and tramped her way on foot, *avec* horse, for a considerable distance. A topping good run which delighted everyone ended at Gumley with a kill close to the Hall. A dart later to Foxton did not materialize, the only thrill being that of the mounted gentleman who stopped a riderless horse in the gate-way and was promptly bowled over, luckily without injury.

Leicester 'Chases on the following day found many of the regulars present. Our past-Master Lord Stalbridge's Trump Card was out to run in company with that good horse Easter Hero. The evening saw the wonderful function at Rockingham Castle which surpassed all expectations, dancing and cabaret proceeding merrily until the early morn.

Little Stretton, on Thursday, with a large field out, many of the dancing set having a preliminary canter before the evening revel at Melton. Mr. Dee, the sporting farmer, saw to the inner man before moving off. A Norton fox gave us a nice hunt to Scraptoft, then turned for the home country, finishing at Rolleston Gates after ninety minutes' good. Captain George Drummond, having a day with us, called up memories of the first visit of the Prince of Wales to Leicestershire whom he accompanied when he hunted for the first time with the Fernie in 1920.

### From the York and Ainsty

In spite of rather windy weather both packs have done fairly well lately, and Goodall (huntsman to the North) is hunting hounds again after his accident in September; all northern followers are very grateful to the Master for the way he's carried on in the meantime. On Thursday (January 22) the South had a capital day from Alne, but the second hunt was marred by Littleworth taking a very nasty fall, his horse rolling on him. Fortunately it turned out later that nothing was broken, and by the time this appears in print we may see him out again. David carried the horn when we met at Wressle on Saturday (24th) and gave us a most enjoyable hunt of nearly an hour and a half from Sandpit Wood. Tuesday at Pop Gate brought out a big field, and we were all pleased to see Angela out again; what about the "half-day?" It was also very nice to see Harry Cumpstone.

### Answers to Correspondents

FAIR MAID FIRST AID.—Quite right to detach your habit skirt for the injured one to sit on; more lives would be saved if people were quicker in doing this. Incidentally, always wear a tidy pair of breeches in a country where battle casualties are likely.

MOP.—It must have been very disappointing to call at the house for a drink and then only be offered tea. We will speak to the lady, as we know the stuff is there all right.

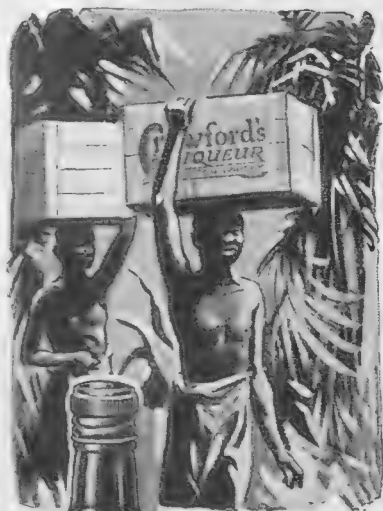
LEBAM.—So sorry that you and your companions got "left," but it's easily done in that country, and is no reflection on your riding. Try and forget about it and have another dart down there.

### From Lincolnshire

The Young Foxhunters' Day with the Brocklesby—considerately arranged by Lord Yarborough and Captain Jaffray (the Joint Masters)—proved an unqualified success; indeed the little Nimrods and Dianas of the chase enjoyed themselves as they have never done before! Mounted on all sorts and conditions of ponies, and clad in the very latest habiliments, they fairly revelled in the fun. Captain Jaffray's dissertation on the ethics of the hunting-field gave them food for thought, and his exhortations were so clearly defined that they never ought to be transgressed! There were two enjoyable gallops at a pace which just suited the "bellows" of the quads, and a kill at the close provided the Master with a simple cosmetic to enter the "kiddies" in the orthodox way!

Scent has improved during the week and most of the country packs are showing better sport. But promising gallops continue to be spoilt by indiscreet motorists. It is not surprising, therefore, that the anathemas of those in authority have been loud and long.

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NORTH OF 53°





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TELEGRAMS: PALACE HELIOPOLIS, CAIRO

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Aldwych

## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

A meeting of the Executive was held on January 19 presided over by the chairman, Lady Kathleen Pilkington. Meetings of the Finance and Show Committees also took place presided over by their respective chairmen, Lady Faudel-Phillips and Lady Howe. The final business of the year was settled and the agenda for the General Meeting arranged. The General Meeting takes place at ten o'clock on the morning of February 12 at the Agricultural Hall. This hour and day have been found most convenient for a general meeting, and it is hoped that all members will note the date and attend. The Committee are always most anxious to hear any suggestions from the members, and if anyone has any to offer it is the time to do it. One of the subjects for discussion is whether the Association shall hold a dinner; it is hoped that the members will give their opinions as to the desirability of this.



BENBRAE OF BRAMLETTE

The property of Mrs. Gow

One of the breeds which has steadily advanced in recent years is the Irish wolfhound. This magnificent dog makes the most perfect home dog and companion. No one who does not know them can realize how little room they take, as they can curl up in an unbelievably small space and there remain, as they are not excitable like smaller dogs. They have also delightful dispositions, devoted to one person, yet dignifiedly friendly to others. Miss Croucher sends a picture of Rippingdon Rathcoolin, taken when she was six months old. She is by Ch. Galleon of Ouborough, her mother being Sweetbriar of Rippingdon, who won first prize in a class of seventeen last year at Crufts.



JAPANESE PUPPIES

The property of Miss Gertrude Savile

It is always pleasant to have news of Miss Savile and her Japs, she sends a perfectly charming snapshot of some puppies. These pups however were born in August, so are now quite grown up and ready to face life. Miss Savile says "They are full of fun and high spirits, almost human, and understand all I say." The Jap is known to us as one of the daintiest of the toy breeds, and Miss Savile has never wavered in her affection for them. Her address is Sunnycroft, Clint, Ripley, Harrogate.

Also I have an application for a kennel maid for Bedlington; strong, good walker, experienced in breeding and rearing pups, willing and ready to do a little housework in the morning.

All letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

There were "three in the family," but Miss Croucher would part with one to a genuine wolfhound lover. She says "All my hounds are house trained and are always about with me, and my wolfhounds have the advantage of being reared with tiny griffons, so understand small dogs and would never dream of hurting them." Miss Croucher, since her terrible losses from distemper two years ago, has not tried to build up her griffon kennel, but still has one or two left, so occasionally she has puppies for sale.

The "merry Cocker" goes merrily on—his popularity shows no sign of diminishing. Mrs. Gow's Cockers are well-known to us, she specializes in reds, but has sent a photograph of her black Cocker, Benbrae of Bramlette, taken at 14 months old. Benbrae has won three firsts, seven seconds, and six thirds at championships and other shows between June and November. Mrs. Gow always has puppies and adults for sale.



RIPPINGDON RATHCOOLIN

The property of Miss Croucher



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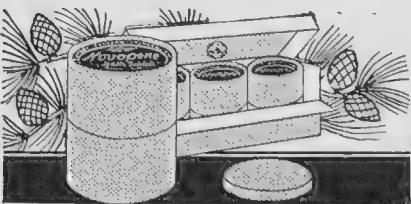
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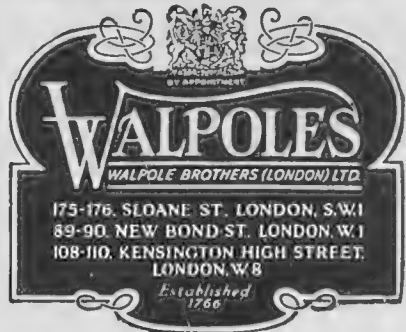


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Nunswelling. Mauve, Pink, Sage, 59/6  
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Jacket to match - - - - - 42/9



# PROGRESS

Many think Britain is slow in advancing—a curious instance of our self-deprecation. Yet there is an oil, produced by Britons, which has never been overstrained. Though the trials are greater with each passing day, constant development gives it stamina to spare. Called Castrol, it gains repute from progress—steady, swift and brilliant.

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### MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

At a time when the industry of the country as a whole is in a sorry state it is refreshing to learn that some firms at any rate are busy and prosperous. An example of these may be found in the Rover Company, Ltd., of Coventry. This firm is working overtime and even night-shifts, and to-day is actually employing more work-people than ever before in its history. The reason for this happy state of affairs may obviously be attributed to efficient, energetic, and far-seeing management. The cars which this concern is offering for 1931 represent such excellent value for money that they are assured of good sales at home. Yet in addition to this, the management is doing all in its power to expand export trade; the Managing Director, Colonel Frank Searle, is indeed in New Zealand at this very moment engaged in opening up a factory depot and appointing agents throughout the Dominion. The 1931 programme is as interesting to over-sea motorists as it is to those at home. It consists of four distinct types, each of which can be supplied with three forms of coachwork and with either Rover or Regal equipment. The smallest of the range is a 10-h.p. four-cylinder, the three others being Sixes. Three types of body-work available are a coach-built saloon, genuine Weymann saloon, and Weymann Sportsman's coupé, except on the Meteor chassis on which is mounted a Weymann Sportsman's saloon, in place of the Sportsman's coupé, and in addition a seven-seat coach-built limousine mounted on a long wheel-base chassis. In this form it sells for £548. Equally good value too is shown in the 6-cylinder range. The smallest is the 2-litre, which is rated at 15.7 h.p. and which sells for £299 or £348 with Regal equipment. Then there are two 20-h.p. cars (19, R.A.C. rating), the Light Twenty and the Meteor. These, like the 2-litre, are equipped with silent third-speed gear-boxes and embody all that is best in British workmanship and design. The Light Twenty is listed



EXTREMES MEET

The 1903 single cylinder Siddeley car meets one of the latest 12-h.p. six-cylinder self-changing gear Armstrong Siddeleys at the Old Cross at Dunchurch. In spite of its age the old car, which belongs to Dame Lock King, the owner of Brooklands track, made the run from London to Coventry at well over 20 m.p.h. In 1907 the same vehicle was the first motor-car to run round Brooklands track

at £358 (Regal model, £380) and the Meteor at £398 (Regal model, £438). The Rover Company recently received the following cable from Colonel Searle, Dunedin, New Zealand: "Rover Ten saloon raced Limited Night Express Wellington to Auckland last night beating it by thirty minutes. Mountainous routes and bad roads; creates epic performance and places Rover in prominent position."

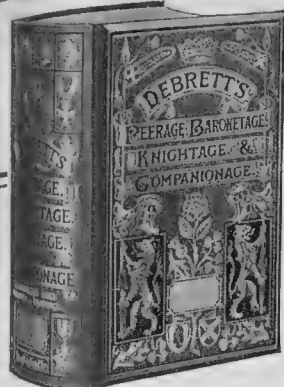
### PETROL VAPOUR—(continued from p. 204)

important feature is its briskness of acceleration, which is such that you do not feel the need for more than three gears. Besides being nice-looking and characteristically Austin in externals, this new model is so well finished in detail that it is really hard to believe that it can be done at the price. Just think what you could buy for £200 four or five years ago, and then you will realize the sort of progress that the Twelve-Six represents.

#### The Upper Parts.

It has long been a wonder to me that in this country so little has been done with "upper cylinder lubrication," which is to say the admixture with the fuel of special oils which will withstand the heat of the explosion, and which, in consequence, will make a protective film on pistons and valve stems. I have myself long been satisfied that the proposition is a sound and a paying one for the car-owner, though I would not vouch for all of the stuff that has been put on the market. In Germany and some other continental countries you can buy from the pump, at a very minute extra charge, fuel that has been doped, in correct proportion, with "upper lubricant," and the results are so good that the stuff is becoming increasingly popular. If we have not got as far as that yet it is possible that we may soon do so, for the firm of Wakefield has just brought out an upper lubricant under the name of Castrollo. Needless to say this is the product of very careful experimentation. It is claimed, in addition to its effectiveness in its main object, greatly to reduce the formation of carbon deposit, and also to facilitate starting. The added cost per mile is negligible, as a quart tin, costing five-and-six, is enough to treat 160 gallons of petrol. The screw cap forms a measure sufficient for each two gallons.





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Buy Castillon Cognac Brandy in whole and half bottles or handy pocket flasks from wine and spirit merchants or the principal stores. Should you have any difficulty please write to us, The London Agents, 85 Turnmill Street, E.C.1.

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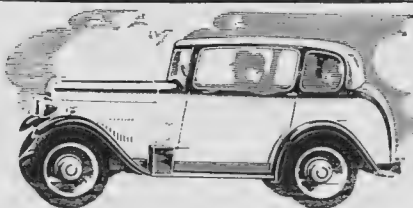
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luxury Six



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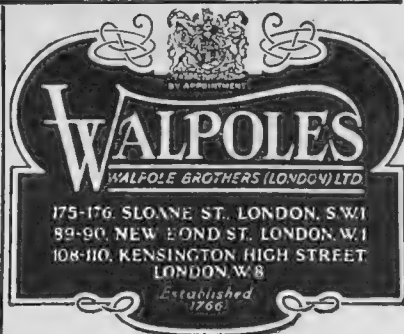
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Here are but five out of a thousand Vogue Pattern models. The very latest ones are in the February 4th issue. This is the important Spring Fabrics Number. So whether you have your clothes made for you or buy them ready-made you should study it. Then you will start your spring shopping knowing the materials that stamp an ensemble as definitely 1931.

**Spring Fabrics  
Issue** Out to-day  
Price 1/-

# VOGUE

This wardrobe, which covers the needs of the average woman, has been specially chosen with interchangeable accessories that will make each garment into a perfect ensemble.

For instance, what could be smarter for sports than a double-breasted jacket (5490. 1/-) in dark brown woollen worn with a brown, orange, and yellow plaid skirt (5311. 1/-). With this suit you should wear dark brown accessories which will also go with the basqued morning frock (5465. 2/-) and the indispensable wrapped coat (5527. 2/-). For the frock use dark brown wool crepe with pale blue crepe de chine collar and cuffs. This is a very chic colour combination. The coat requires a heavier woollen in the same dark brown.

In the afternoon you will look restrainedly chic in a medium-pale grey coat and skirt with a grey-blue flared tunic like the three-piece ensemble S3474 (3/-). To get the very smartest effect wear black accessories.

Vogue thought of deep coral-pink shoes and beads—then decided that the evening frock (S3472. 3/-) with its draped scarf that becomes a girdle, could be in pale blue, pale pink, grey, black or white. Each of these colours would be right with the accessories, which will also freshen up last year's black frock.



VOGUE  
PATTERN  
No. 5465



VOGUE  
PATTERN  
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5311 →

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OF BOND STREET  
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**10½**  
GUINEAS

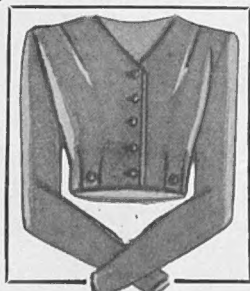
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COLLECTION opens  
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... waisted with a back that is quite impertinently flared, this Fenwick Suit takes its own line and triumphs! Tailored in the new Hair-Line Tricot, the model is of Mimosa Leaf Green. Other Greens, Beige-tones and a lovely Gentian Blue make fascinating choosing. Pastels, too, and of course, Black are very smart. Tailored to measure - - - 10½ gns.

Visit the Chinese Room and see  
the many other original model suits.

The Long-Sleeved Gilet

meets the general need for a complete ensemble beneath the Jacket. Tailored to measure in matching material.

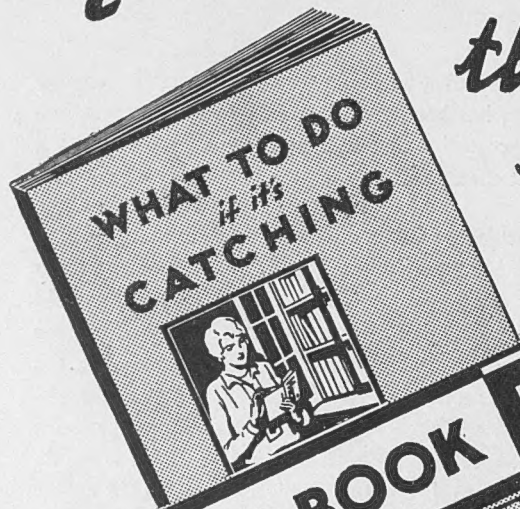


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**3**  
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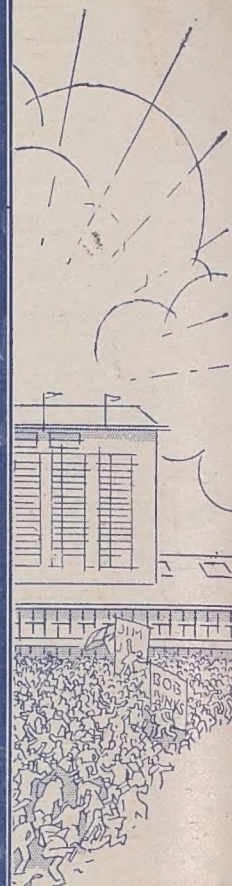
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